

and

The creators of SUPERMAN present their NEW HERO:



FUNNYMAN

Trade Mark

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

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VERKS IN THE WORKS

By Ray Gardner

THE old detective leaned back and grinned. "Sure, I've seen funny crooks. They come and go, like clockwork. But the two funniest crooks I ever met up with were Fats Killen and Patsy Roth. They were so dumb they moved back to the city when they heard the country was at war . . . and right into the arms of the law!

"Dead men caught them. That's the odd twist of the whole thing. Dead men—who couldn't talk or run. Smart crooks could have figured the angle, but not Killen and Roth.

"Let me tell you the yarn . . ."

* * *

It was night. The El rumbled and screeched as it rounded a curve a hundred feet away. Fats Killen sighed and said, "Come on, goofus. We ain't got all night. If we ever expect to pull that robbery, we gotta hurry."

"It's my corn," muttered Patsy Roth, sitting on a skylight and holding his right foot in his palms. "It's achin' something fierce. Ooooooh."

Fats put big hands on his hips and jeered, "your corn alla time hurts when I got somethin' lined up. You wanna be a crook or not?"

"Certainly I wanna be a crook. Wasn't I the one that got the idea to hold up the El station? Now just lemme work this foot over lightly and —"

"I'll work *you* over lightly—with a hard fist!"

Killen went forward. In the pale moonlight filtering through the clouds, he did not see the rusted lead pipe on the roof. His foot struck it. He pitched forward.

Patsy saw him coming for him in a long, low dive. He shrieked, "Take it easy, Fats. I was only kiddin'!"

Fats was on top of him, belting him with his shoulder, turning and driving him back and downward. Something tinkled and smashed under him. Then he was falling, faster and faster . . .

It was dark, with only weird patches of dusty light to break the shrouding blackness. He lay on his back, staring. Was that—just up ahead there — ? *It was!*

A man's head, chopped off! Lying in a red pool of warm blood! Patsy whimpered, "Hey, Fats. Don't be mad at me no more. I'm scared.

Where are we?"

As if his voice had activated a mechanism, a hollow voice rumbled, "You are now entering the Gateway to Hades. Here are those who killed and robbed and sinned in their lifetime. Here are Jack the Ripper, Cagliostro the magician, Cain who killed Abel!"

Patsy shook. He shook so much the coins jingled in his trouser pocket. He put out a hand to steady himself so he would stop shaking and touched — a hand! His fingertips trembled, moving over the hand to the wrist, around in and back — *around the wrist!*

Patsy burbled moans. A bodiless head! A hand without an arm!

"Fats! Fats! Where are we, Fats?"

"In the Gateway to Hades, the infernal regions, the place of fire and flame, where suffer all sinners!" moaned a sepulchral voice.

A tongue of something like fire shot from the wall, lit up a smallish room where legs and torsos, heads and arms and hands and feet were scattered around. And crouching over a half-eaten body — a ragged *ghoul!*

* * *

The great detective smiled at the stares of horror on the boys' faces. "Naturally, you know where they were. Why, in the waxworks museum, of course. All those things were wax images carved by a master hand. Make-believe, to scare a person in broad daylight. But at *night* — you can imagine Fats and Patsy!

"Then, too, lest you interrupt again, let me explain that some of the images could move mechanically, fire an arrow or some such thing. And there were floor boards which, when trod upon, started up a sort of phonograph system, producing voices from hidden loud-speakers. Now, let's return to Patsy..."

* * *

He lay on his stomach, trying to hide his face in the hard wood of the floor. He kept moaning, "I'm dead an' the Bad One's got holt of me. Ohhh, Fats musta killed me when he hit me. I'm in the Bad Place itself!"

A hand shook his shoulder. Wild-eyed, Patsy yelled, "It's the Bad One! He's come to get me!"

"I'm not any badder than you are," rasped Fats. "You're a crook, too, ya know. And it was *your* idea to rob the El station!"

"Don't you blame that on me!" snapped Patsy, shivering. "I'm scared enough of the Bad One now without you remembering any more of the things I done while I was alive!"

Patsy got up off the floor to argue better, but one look at Fats' face stopped him. Beads of sweat stood out. His eyes bulged in horror. His lips quivered. He began to moan.

"Wha — what'sa matter, Fats?" whispered Patsy.

"**FIRE!**"

(Continued on inside back cover)



FUNNYMAN

by
JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

HERE
HE IS, FOLKS--
FUNNYMAN! A TWO-
FISTED HOWLARIOUS
SCRAPPER, HE'LL THRILL
YOU WITH HIS DARING ATHLET-
IC PROWESS AND CONVULSE
YOU WITH CHUCKLESOME
ANTICS! YESSIREE, HE DAZZLES
THE LAW TO A FRAZZLE, WHILST
MAKING BUFFOONS OUT OF
HARDENED CRIMINALS. FOR
GRIPPING DRAMA PUNCTUATED
WITH GIGGLES AND GUFFAWS,
IT'S COMICLAND'S NEWEST
AND GREATEST ARRIVAL...
FUNNYMAN!



FUNNYMAN

THIS, DEAR READER, IS THE HISTORY OF **FUNNYMAN'S** CREATION.

ONE DAY ACE COMEDIAN LARRY DAVIS WAS APPROACHED BY HIS BEAUTEOUS MANAGER, LOVELY JUNE FARRELL...

HERE'S THE PITCH! DON THIS COMICAL COSTUME-- THEN, AS **FUNNY-MAN**, PRETEND TO SMASH A PHONEY ROBBERY. "HAPPY", HERE, WILL PORTRAY A ROBBER!

SOUNDS LIKE A CUTE IDEA. AND THE PUBLICITY SHOULD DO ME NO HARM!

BUT FATE TOSSED A MONKEY-WRENCH INTO JUNE'S CAREFULLY LAID PLANS.

THERE'S BEEN AN AWFUL MISTAKE! YOU'RE BATTLING A **REAL** CROOK!

YEAH? TEE-HEE-HEEEE! THAT MAKES THE SITUATION ALL THE **FUNNIER!**



LATER.

BUT **WHY** DID YOU REFUSE TO LET THE PUBLIC KNOW **FUNNYMAN** IS REALLY YOU?

BECAUSE I ~~LIKE~~ THE IDEA OF CLEANING UP ON WRONG GUYS WITH JABS AND GAGS!



THAT'S IT, FOLKS! THAT'S HOW COME GANGLAND FINDS ITSELF ON THE RECEIVING-END OF A **COMIC CRIMEBUSTER'S** UNPREDICTABLE ANTICS!



MAYBE I'M **STRETCHING** THINGS TOO FAR!



FOR ZILLIONS OF LAUGHS AND A SUPER-DOSE OF HAIR-RAISING EXCITEMENT, DON'T MISS A SINGLE EPISODE STARRING THE MOST UNCONVENTIONAL HERO OF ALL TIME-- GOOFY, SOCKY... **FUNNY-MAN!!**





FUNNYMAN

by

JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

IS EVERYBODY SLAPHAPPY? IF YOU'RE READY FOR LAUGHS AND THRILLS, DON YOUR BROADEST GRIN AND PREPARE TO RACE ALONG THE DANGER TRAIL WITH **FUNNYMAN** AS THE *PLANET'S FUNNIEST SLEUTH* MATCHES MISCHIEVOUS MIRTH AGAINST THE MALICIOUS MAYHEM OF...

"THE TEEN-AGE TERRORS!"

HA! HA!
HOW DOES IT FEEL
TO BE HEADED FOR
A **CRUSHING**
DEFEAT?

CLOUT ME,
IF YOU MUST!
BUT LAY OFF
THE GAGS.
THAT'S **MY**
RACKET!

FUNNYMAN

MONDAY.- BEAUTEOUS HOLLYWOOD STAR DARLENE DALRYMPLE MAKES A MUCH-BALLYHOODED ARRIVAL AT GRAND CENTER STATION.

LOOK, DARLENE! A MOB OF TEEN-AGE FANS! I TOLD YOU MY PUBLICITY RELEASES WOULD GET RESULTS!

THE LITTLE DARLINGS!

HALP!
I'M BEING TRAMPLED!

G'WAN!
SIGN!

ME FIRST!

DARLENE!
DARLENE!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THE INSUFFERABLE BRATS!

YOU AN' YER-☆!@!!!?
PUBLICITY RELEASES!!

MY JEWELS!
MY \$10,000 MINK SCARF! GONE!
POLICE!
I'VE BEEN ROBBED!!

TUESDAY.- OUTSIDE THE MAIN STEM THEATER!

IT'S HANKIE SONOTA!

IN PERSON!

M-MR. SONOTA, I-I'D CONSIDER IT A TREMENDOUS HONOR IF YOU'D LET ME SHAKE YOUR HAND.

A PLEASURE, SON!



FUNNYMAN

YOU DEFEAT ME, LARRY--
THE PUBLIC IS WILLING TO PAY
OODLES OF MAZUMA FOR YOUR
FAMED WIT, YET YOU SQUANDER
IT ON A BUNCH OF SO-CALLED
PALS WHO WOULD GLADLY
SWIPE YOUR MATERIAL
AT THE DROP OF A PUN.

CAN'T
HELP IT, "BRAIN."
THAT'S HOW I AM.
GOTTA ALWAYS
BE IN THERE
PITCHIN'!

**LARRY
DAVIS!!**

YOW!
THE ANSWER TO
AN AUTOGRAPH
HOUND'S
PRAYER!

RELAX, KIDS!
WE'VE **PLENTY**
OF TIME!

THAT MAN!
"PLENTY OF TIME,"
HE SAYS!

ALL RIGHT, BIG SHOT--
NOW THAT YOUR EGO'S
ZIPPED UP INTO THE UPPER
BRACKETS, HOW ABOUT
CLIMBING INTO MY CAR
AND SCOOTING TOWARD
THE APPOINTMENT THAT
MEANS LOWLY
LUCRE?

WHAT A BUNCH
OF GRAND KIDS!
TO THINK THAT
YOUNGSTERS SUCH
AS THESE HAVE BEEN
ACCUSED OF DIS-
HONESTY.-ONE SEC,
CUTIEPUSS, WHILE
I SEE HOW MUCH
TIME WE'VE
GOT LEFT!

M-MY WATCH!--
IT'S-- ULP!--
GONE!

I'LL CONTACT YOU AT
YOUR APARTMENT, JUNE.
RIGHT NOW, I'M GOING
AFTER THAT WATCH--
AS **FUNNYMAN!**

WAIT!
COME
BACK--!

IMAGINE! THOSE FINE-LOOKING KIDS--CROOKS! WHAT HURTS MOST IS THAT THE WATCH IS AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE FAMILY HEIRLOOM. I'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK!



THERE GO SOME OF THE TEEN-AGERS!

TAXI!



LATER-- THE WATERFRONT SECTION OF TOWN.

("-THERE THEY GO-- INTO THAT BUILDING!-")



LARRY SCALES A PARTIALLY- CON- STRUCTED ADJOIN- ING BUILDING FOR A LOOK-SEE!

HA! IN THAT WINDOW, OVER THERE ...!



WHAT LARRY DAVIS OBSERVES!

YOU GOT IT?

YEAH "ANTS" PLANTS-- WE GOT IT!

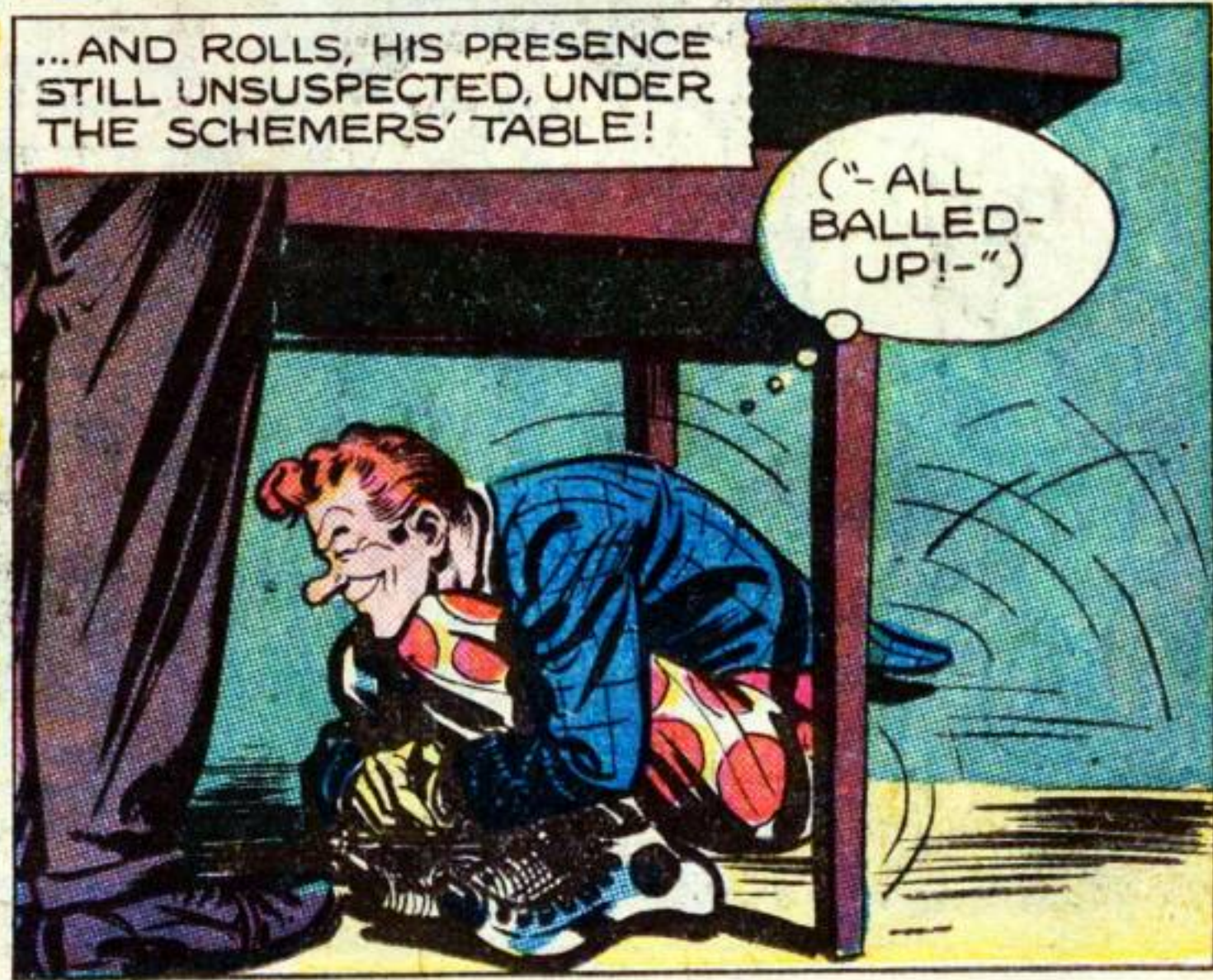
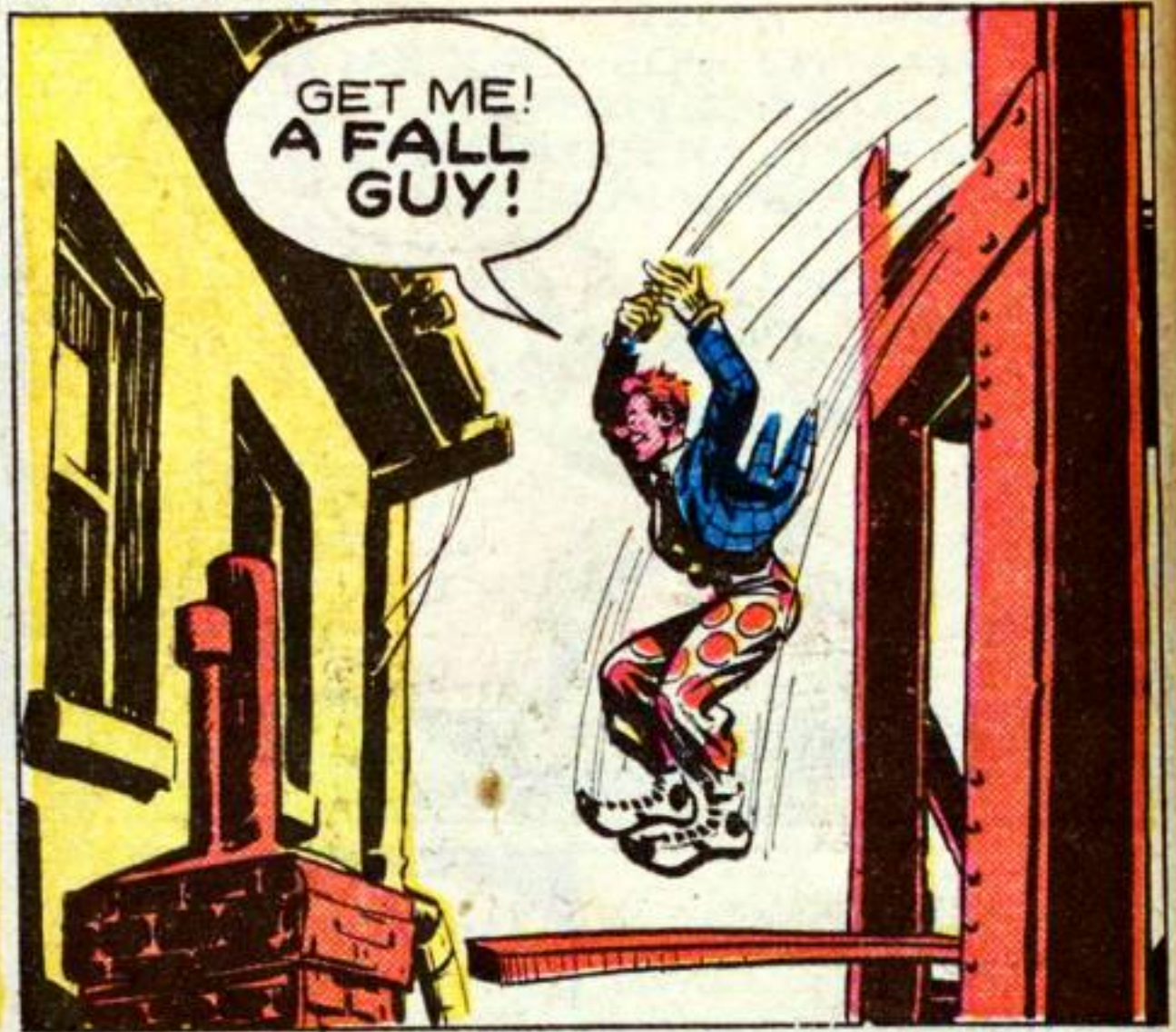


QUICKLY, LARRY REVERSES HIS STAITD GARMENTS, AND DONS THE RUBBER NOSE THAT TRANS- FORMS HIM TO PIXIEISH. **FUNNYMAN!**

HO! HO! NOW FOR SOME FUN!



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

YOU KIDS WAIT HERE WHILE I GO SEE A CERTAIN UNSCRUPULOUS DEALER IN STOLEN GOODS WHO OUGHT TO PAY A FANCY PRICE FOR THIS WATCH.

AND BE SURE TO TELL US HOW MUCH YOU **ACTUALLY** GET!

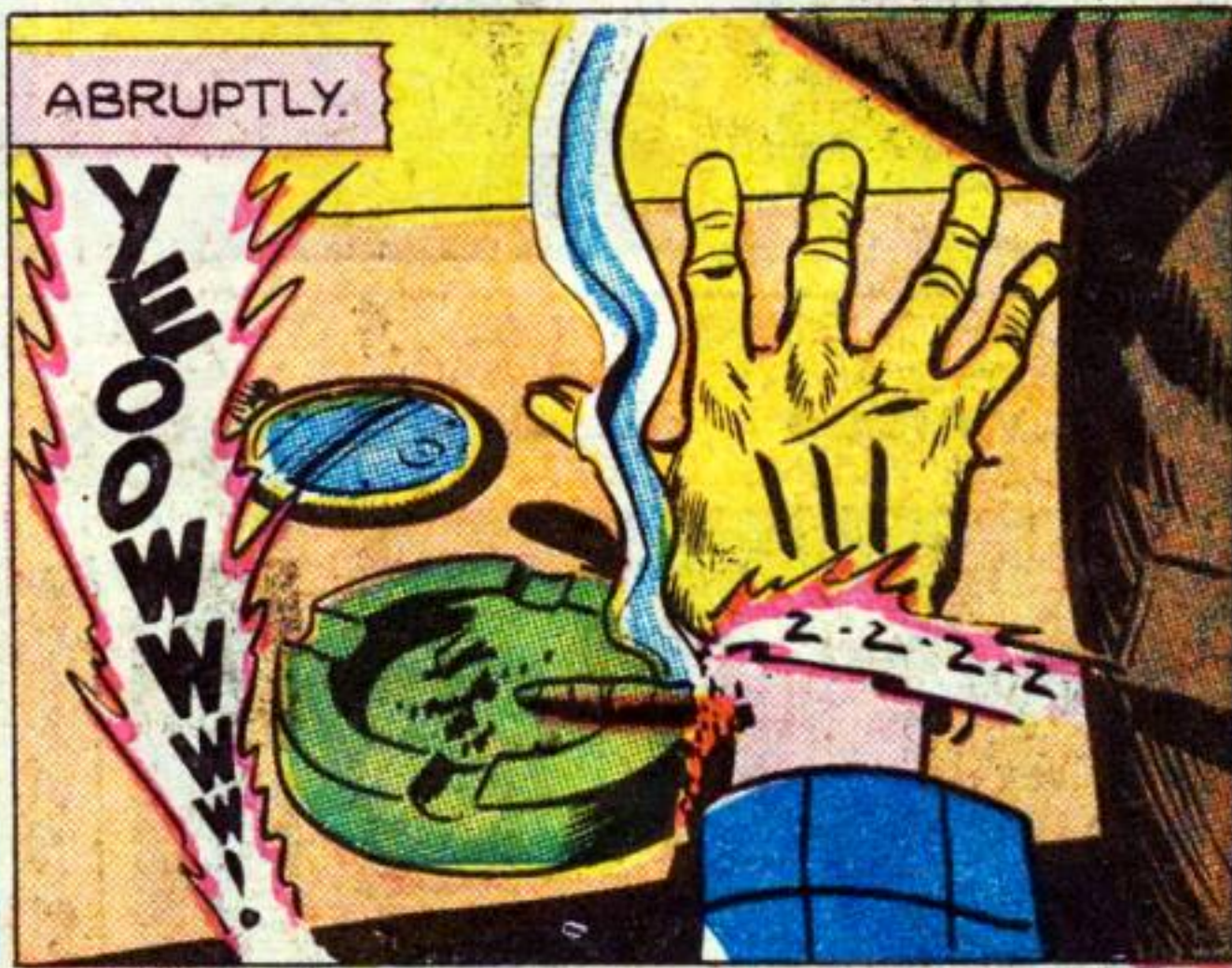
("-HM-MMM! SOUNDS LIKE THE WATCH WAS PUT DOWN AT THE EDGE OF THE TABLE. IF I CAN REACH UP AND GET IT...!-")



UNOBSERVED BY THE CRIMINALS, A GLOVED HAND GROPE'S AT THE TABLE'S EDGE...



ABRUPTLY.



HIS WITS OPERATING AT LIGHTNING SPEED, **FUNNYMAN** KICKS AT A NEARBY FOOT.

("-NEEDED.. A SWIFT COVER-UP!-")



AND SO, SIMULTANEOUSLY, ONE OF THE YOUTHS HOWLS IN PAIN.

OW!
I'VE BEEN KICKED!



FUNNYMAN

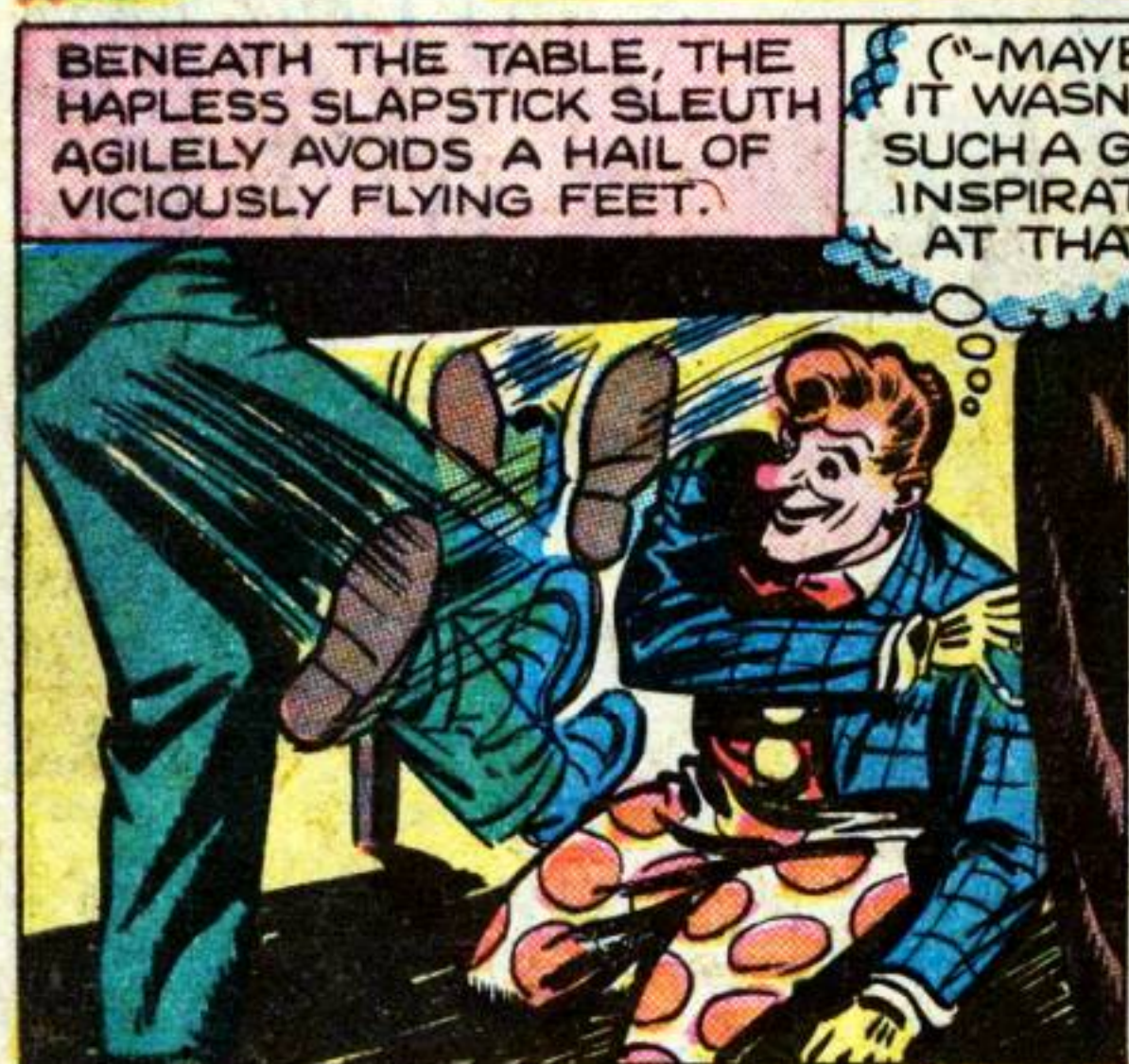


KICK ME
BECAUSE YOUR
GIRL PREFERS ME,
WILL YOU?
TAKE THAT!

OWW!

I'LL
SHOW YOU!-
OH!

**YII-II!
RIGHT
BACK!!**



BENEATH THE TABLE, THE
HAPLESS SLAPSTICK SLEUTH
AGILELY AVOIDS A HAIL OF
VICIOUSLY FLYING FEET.

("-MAYBE,
IT WASN'T
SUCH A GOOD
INSPIRATION
AT THAT!-")



STOP THIS
JUVENILE
FOOLISHNESS!
STOP IT
NOW!

I'LL SETTLE
WITH HIM
LATER.

ANYTIME!



AGAIN, **FUNNYMAN** GROPE
FOR THE WATCH. THIS TIME:
SUCCESS!

("-HOORAY!-")



BUT THEN--!

THE WATCH! IT'S
GONE! WHOEVER TOOK IT--
PUT IT BACK!!

I'LL BET
THAT LOUSE
TOOK IT!

WHY,
YOU--!

FUNNYMAN



BYE - BYE,
YOU BAD
MANS!



OFF!--

DON'T THEY EVER
SWEEP THE FLOORS
AROUND HERE?



DON'T
KILL HIM--YET!
TIE HIM
UP!



SO! WE HAD A SPY
IN OUR MIDST--
DELIBERATELY TRYING
TO STIR UP
TROUBLE!



I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU--
YOU'RE A SCREWY DETECTIVE
WHO CALLS HIMSELF **FUNNYMAN!**
IF YOU GOT SUCH A WONNERFUL
SENSAYUMA WHY DON'TCHA
LAUGH **NOW?**



COULD BE
THAT I'M
LAUGHING
INWARDLY!

SMART GUY,
HUH? LET'S SEE
HOW YOU LIKE A
SOCK IN TH'
SNOOT!

YOU WOULDN'T
STRIKE A
HELPLESS
MAN!!?

HA! HA!
WOULDN'T
HE, THO?

FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



AT SUCH TIMES
AS THESE, I'M VERY
GRATEFUL I WAS
BORN DOUBLE-
JOINTED!

SLIPPING
BACK INTO
THE BUILDING,
FUNNYMAN
LOCATES A DE-
SERTED TELEPHONE
AND CALLS
JANE'S
NUMBER.

JANIE? HOWZABOUT
SENDING A BATTALION
OF COPS TO THE BUILDING
OPPOSITE THE NEW CON-
STRUCTION JOB ON WATER
STREET, NEAR JACKSON
AVENUE? I'VE TRACKED
DOWN THE "TEEN-AGE
TERRORS".
HMM-MM???



I SAID
**DON'T TAKE ANY
FOOL CHANCES!**
AND THERE'S
SOMETHING ELSE
I MUST TELL
YOU!

LARRY!
LARRY!-
OH-HH...!
HE DOESN'T
ANSWER!



I'M
ALL EARS--
UHH-H!

DROWNING
WAS TOO GOOD
FOR HIM. I'LL
POLISH HIM OFF
MY WAY!

("SOUNDS...
LIKE...
CURTAINS---")



FUNNYMAN

AS THE **SLAPSTICK SLEUTH'S** HALF-CONSCIOUS FORM IS DRAGGED ALONG, **FUNNYMAN** SURREPTITIOUSLY MANAGES TO SWITCH ON A GAS-HEATER'S HANDLE.



HEY! I THOUGHT THE BOSS TOLD YOU TO DUMP HIM IN THE RIVER!

I TRIED TO-- BUT HE GOT SMART. SOON HE WON'T THINK HE WAS SO SMART.

SIDDOWN... AN' LISTEN!

MY EARS RAPPLY AWAIT YOUR EVERY SYLLABLE!



KEEP LAUGHING, YOU GIGGLING FOOL! YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT! BECAUSE THE SECOND YOU STOP CHORTLING, I PRESS THIS TRIGGER!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A FUNNY MAN. WELL, GO AHEAD! LAUGH!!

OKAY. HA! HA! IF YOU INSIST! HA! HA!



HA! HA! HA! HAA-AAA-AAAA...!!!

WHAT A DIABOLICAL SCHEME! NO ONE CAN KEEP FORCING LAUGHTER FOR LONG AND WHEN **FUNNYMAN** STOPS LAUGHING, HE **DIES!**

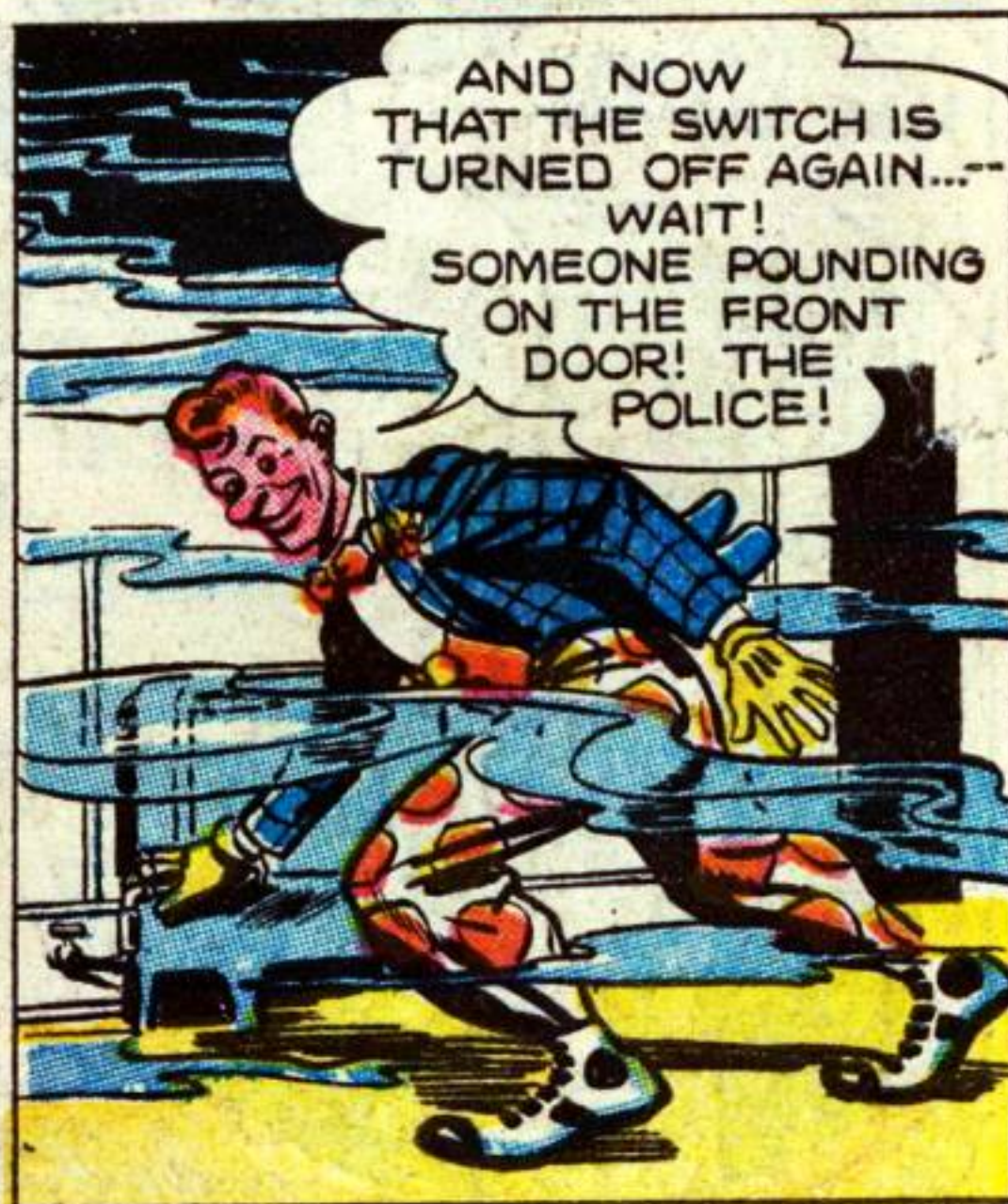
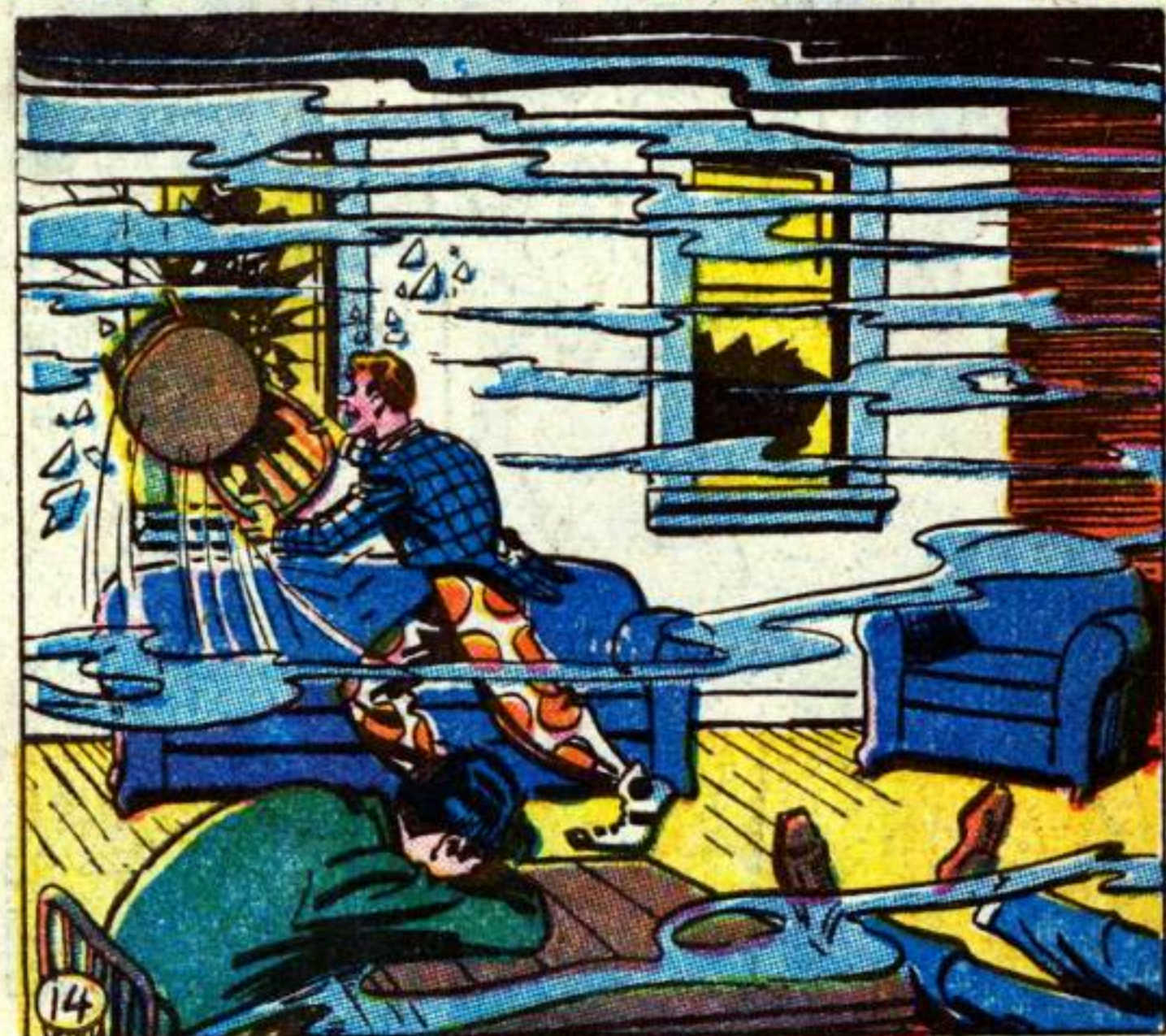
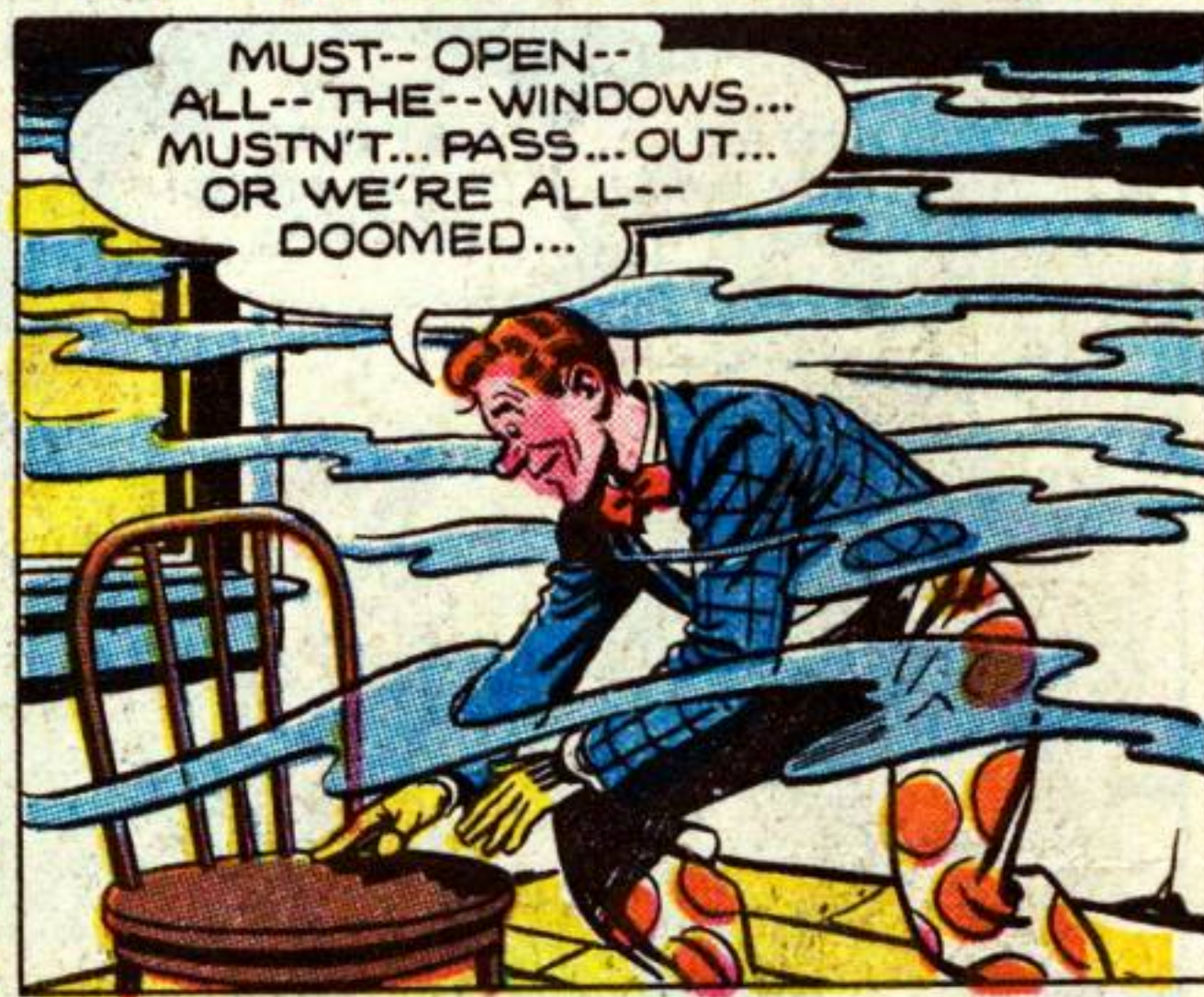
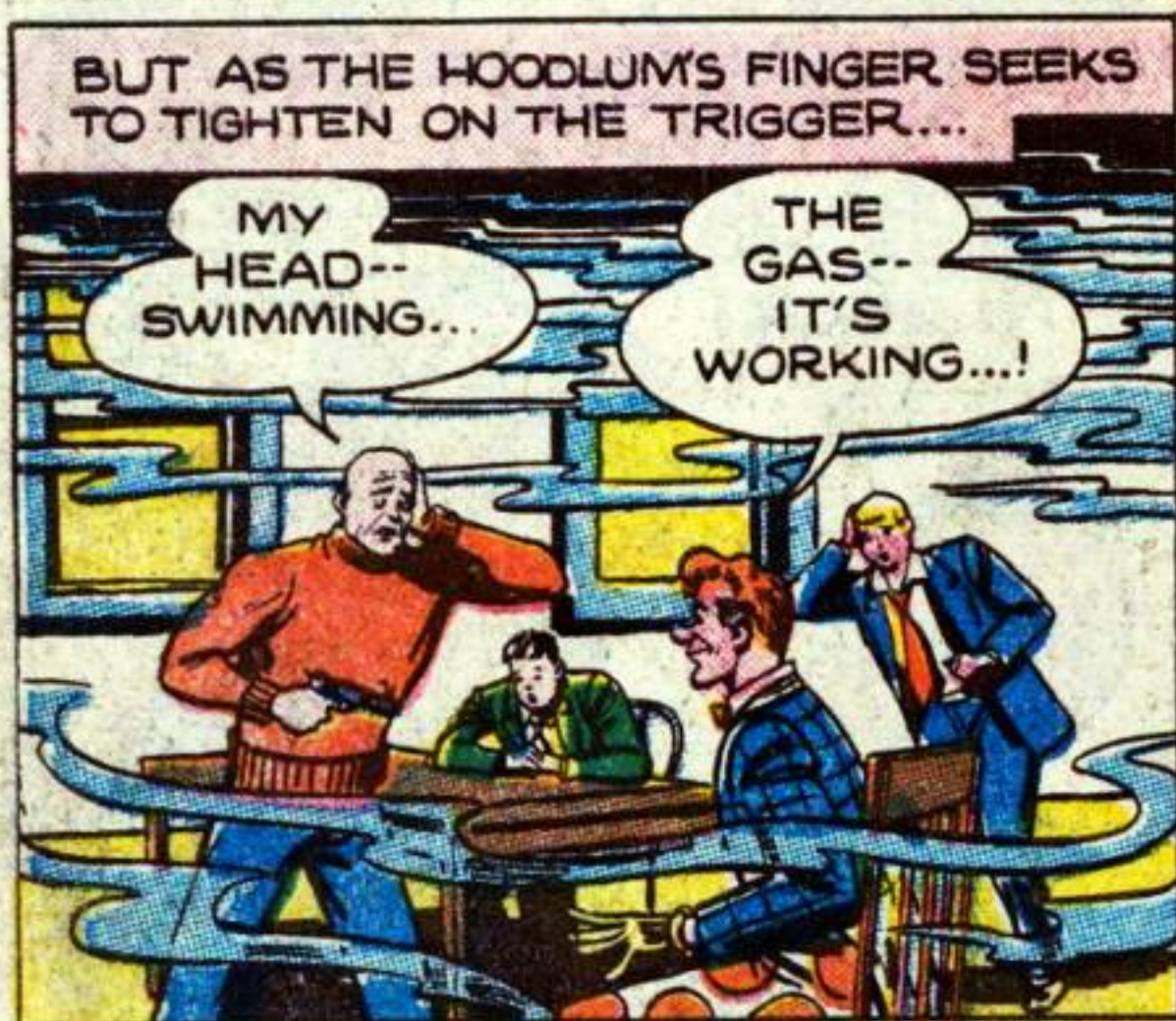
LOUDER! LOUDER! LOUDER!

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HAAA-HAAAAA! ("WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LAUGH ABOUT?")



POOR FUNNYMAN! IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT ONE HAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO LAUGH AT HIS OWN FUNERAL, BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THE **COMIC CRIMEBUSTER** IS DOING!



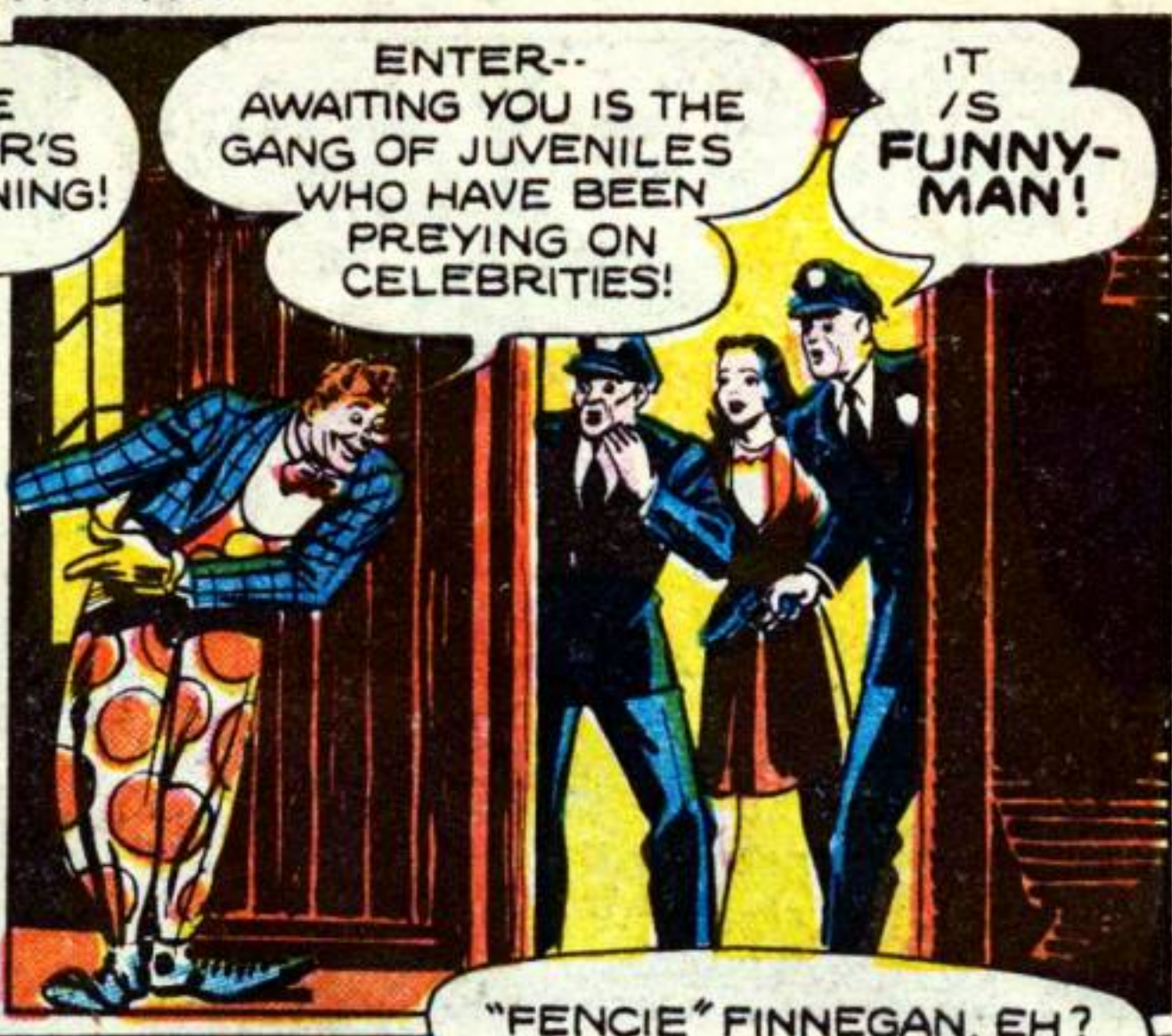


FUNNYMAN



LOOK, LADY, WE'RE--

THE DOOR'S OPENING!



IT /S FUNNY-MAN!



SEE YOU LATER, JUNE. MEANWHILE, I'LL BORROW YOUR CAR!



"FENCIE" FINNEGAN, EH? I KNOW HIS HANGOUT-- AND--WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, A SHORT CUT TO IT. PERHAPS, IF I CAN BREAK ENOUGH SPEED-LAWS...!



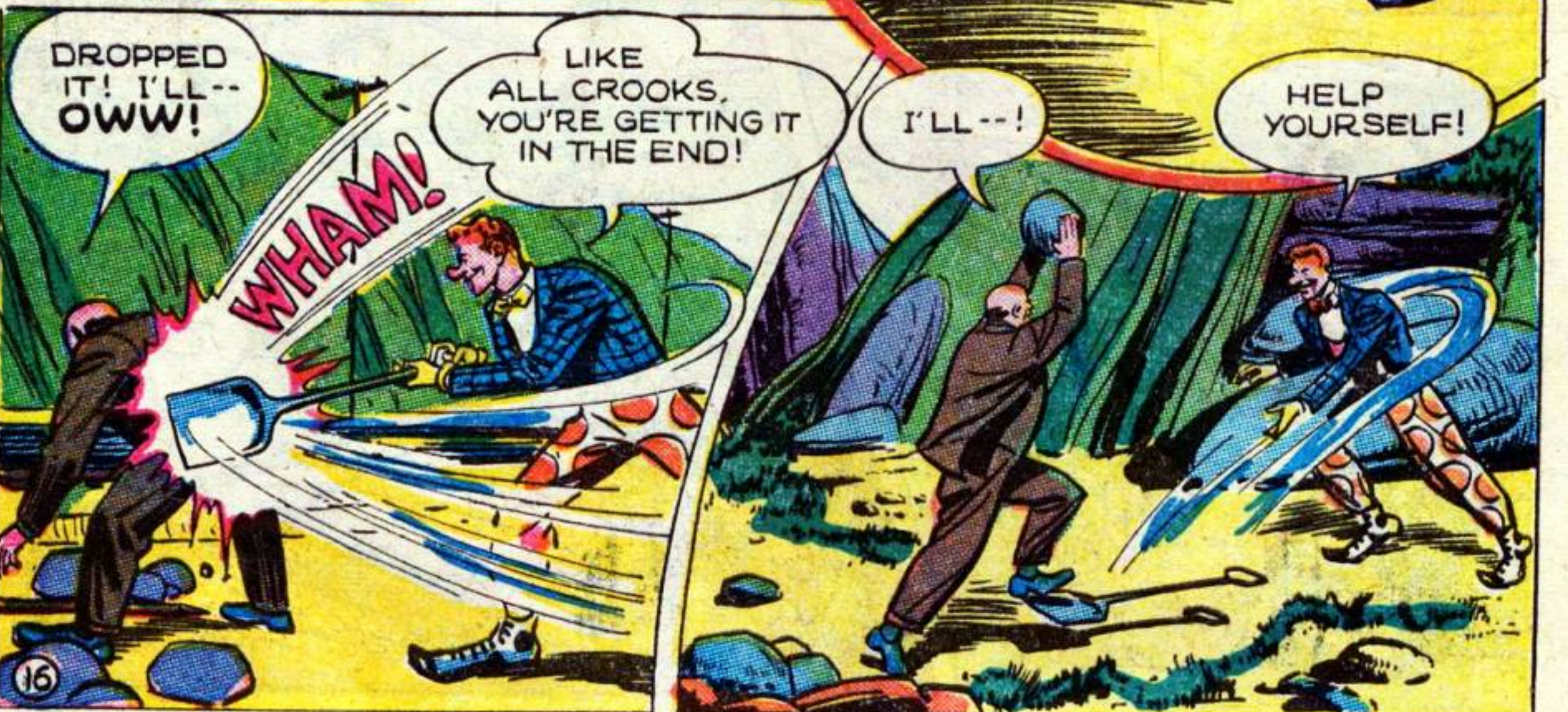
WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T ANTSY-WANTSY!



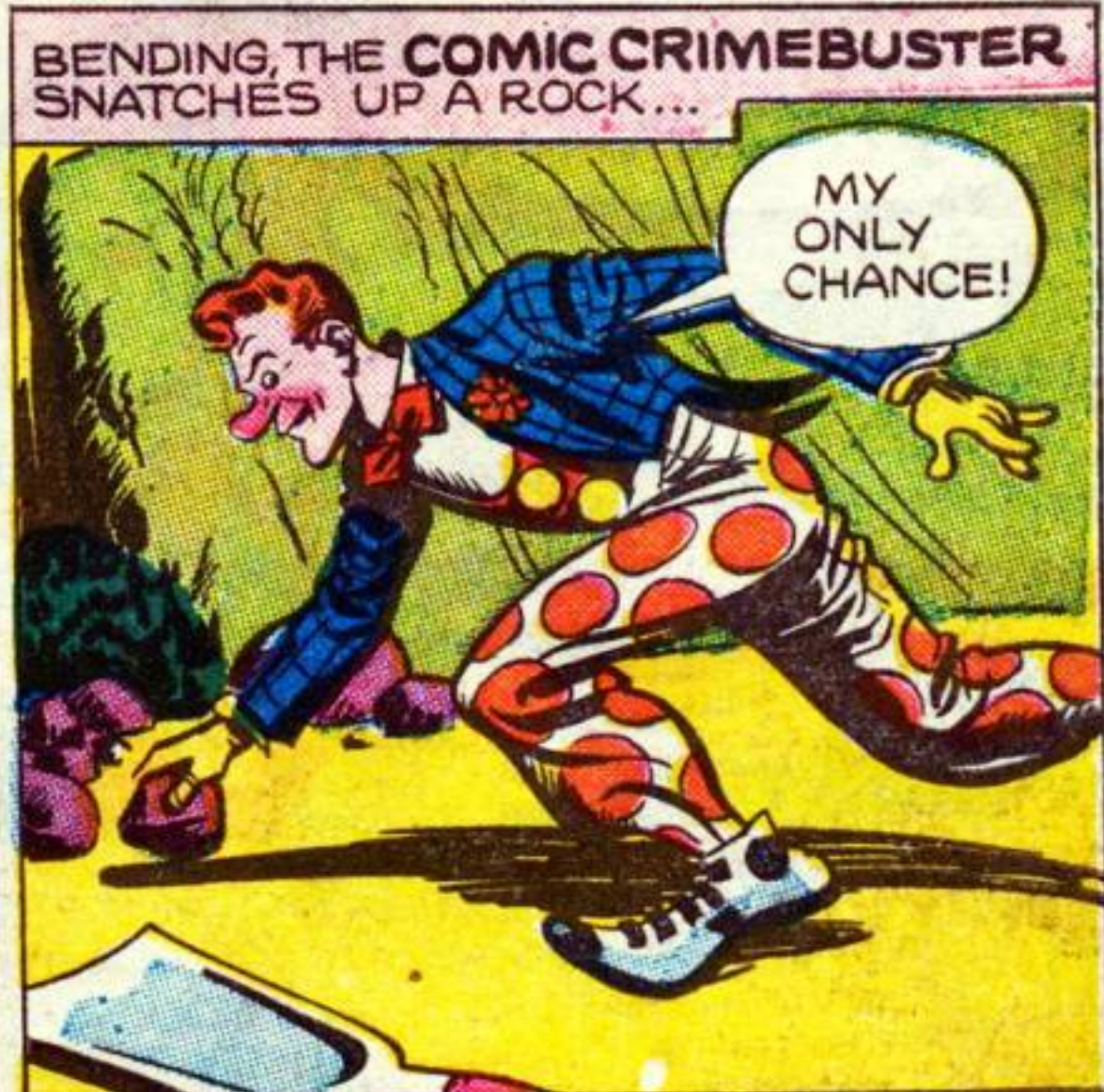
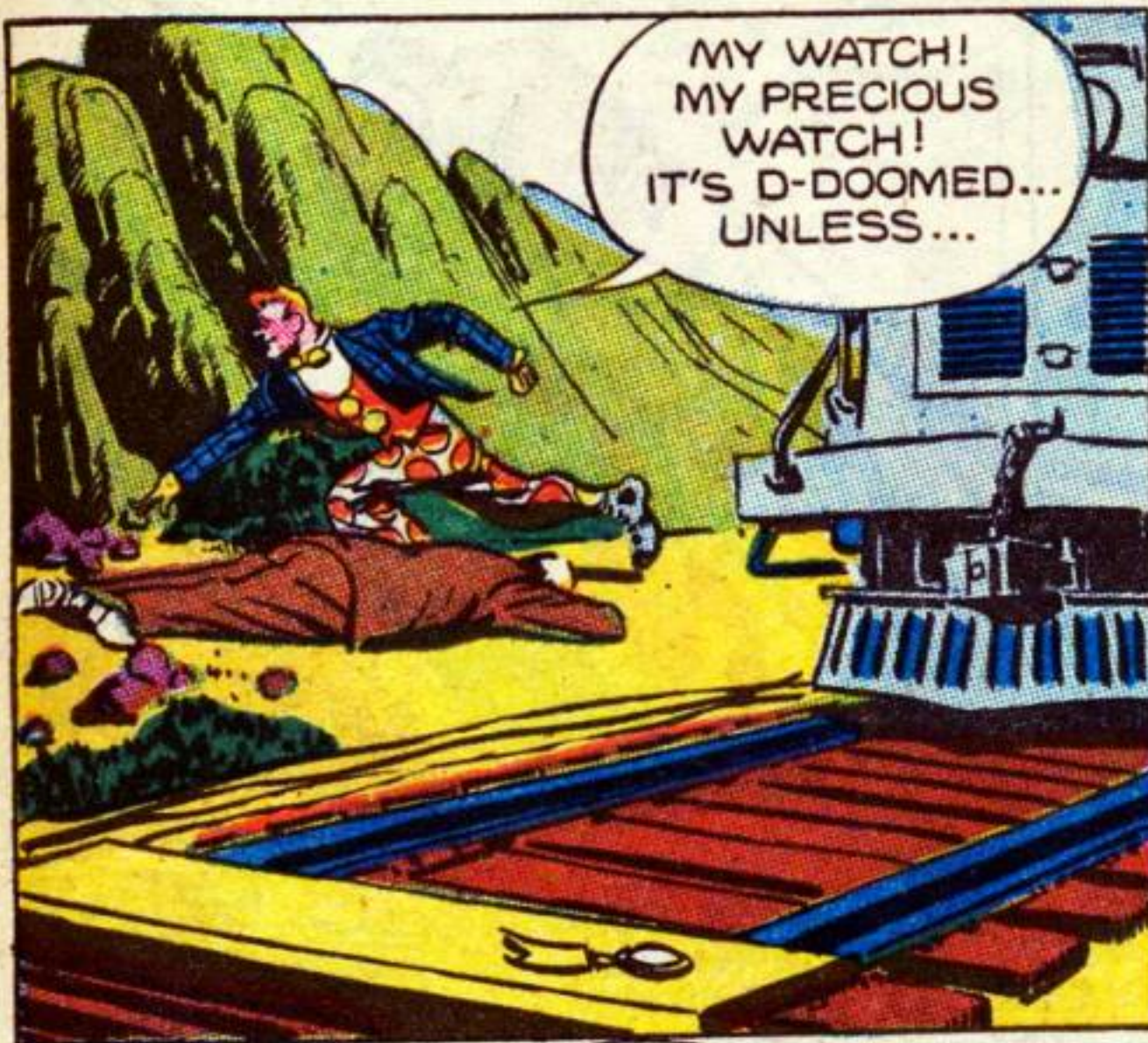
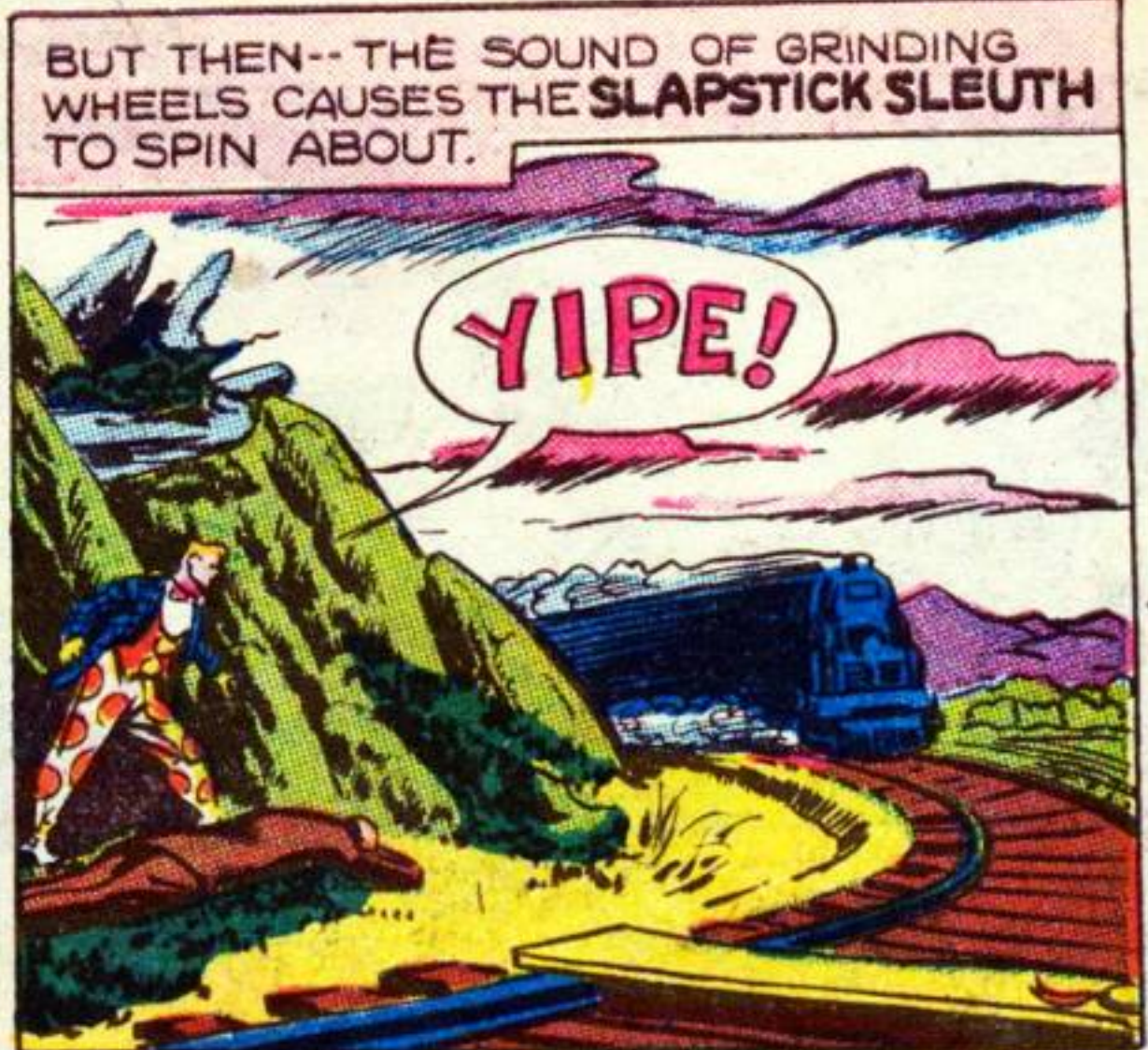
FUNNYMAN! BLAST IT! IF I ONLY HAD A GUN...

FISTS WILL DO!

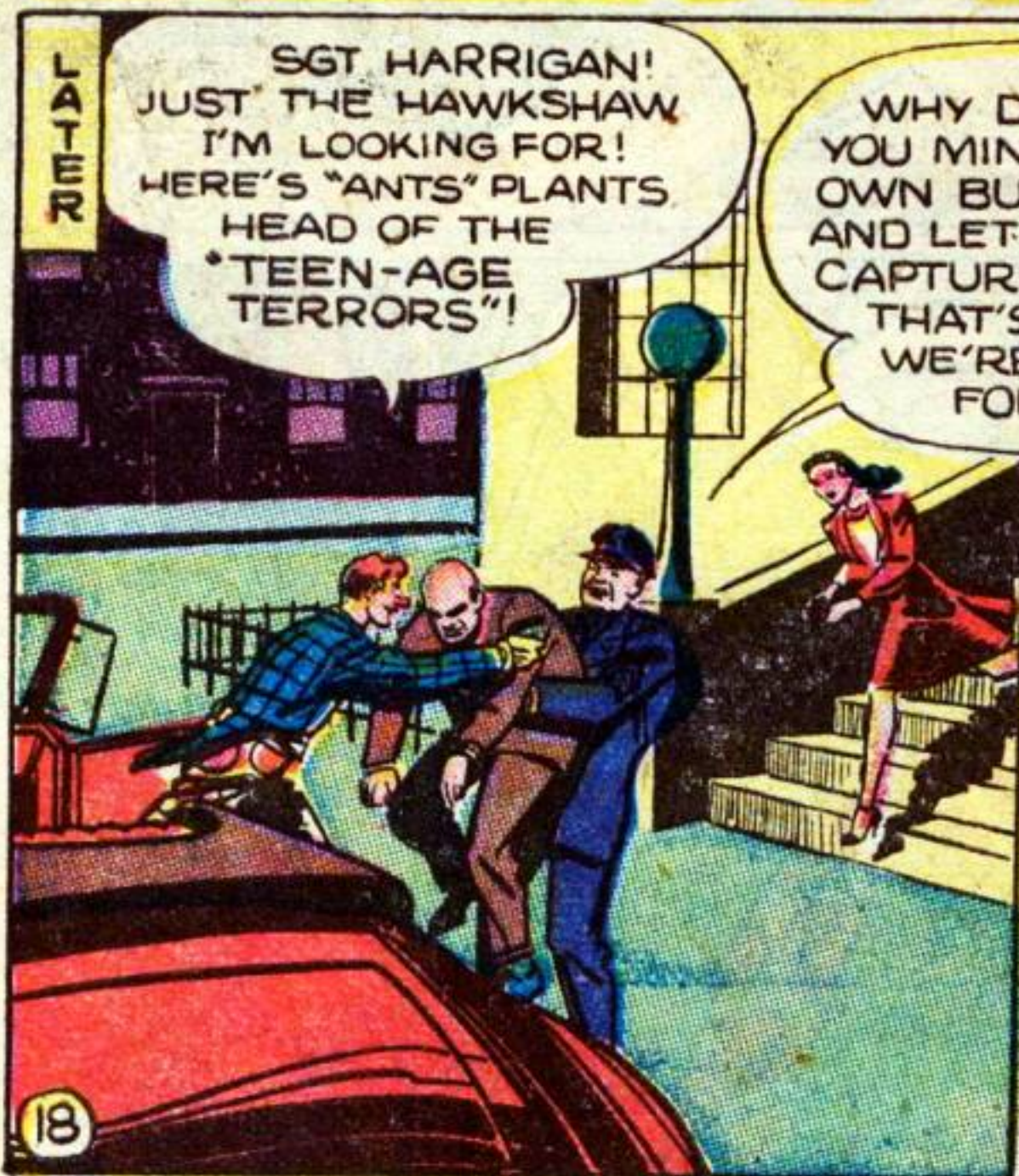
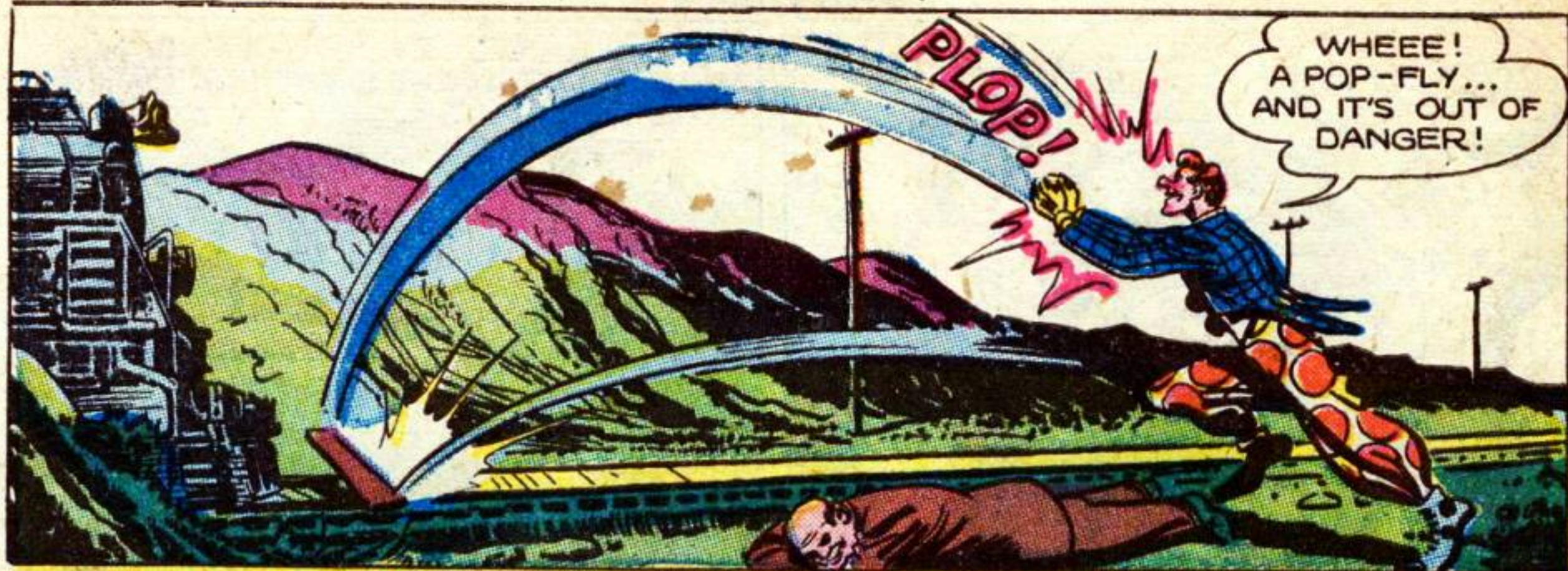
SOON AFTER...



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



FOR A FURIOUSLY FROLICSOME GALA CARNIVAL OF GAGS AND ATOMIC ACTION DON'T MISS A SINGLE EPISODE OF THE COMIC PAGES' NEWEST SENSATION. YES, WE'RE REFERRING TO-- **FUNNYMAN!!**



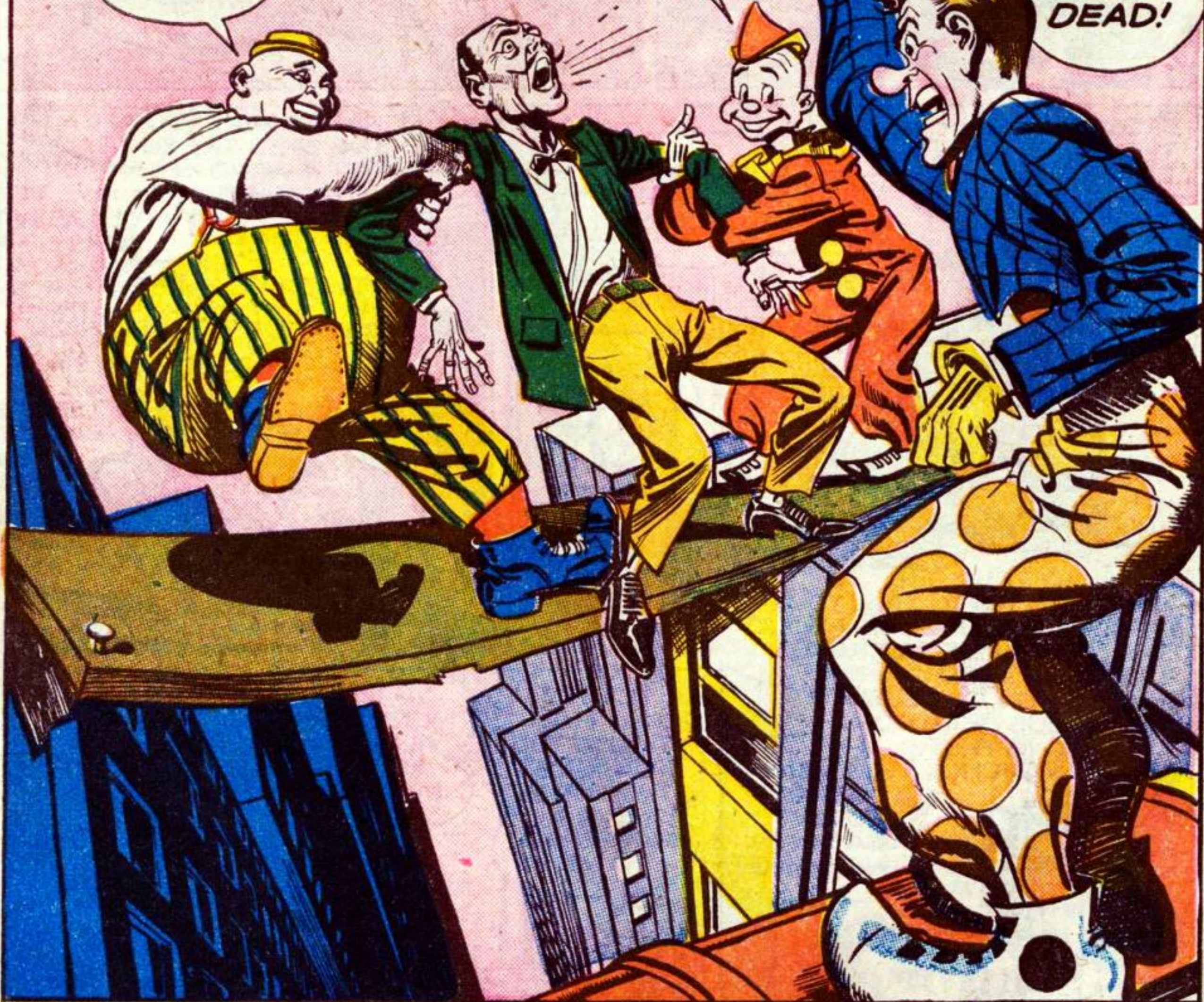
FUNNYMAN



HE'S
MINE!

NO! HE'S
MINE!

LOOK, FELLAS!
I CAPTURED TH'
MUG! WILL YOU
HECKLERS BE
SO KIND
AS TO
PLEASE
**DROP
DEAD!**



IMITATION MAY BE THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY, BUT IT'S ALSO A FINE JUSTIFICATION FOR MAYHEM! WHEN UNINSPIRED IMITATORS CUT IN ON THE **COMIC CRIMEBUSTER'S** CUT-UPS, OUR FRIVOLOUS FRIEND, NATCH, BLOWS HIS TOP! ALL THIS AND FISTI-CUFFS, TOO, IN THE BATTLE GALORE BETWIXT.....

FUNNYMAN, COMICMAN and LAFFMAN

GRAND CENTRAL STATION

"FLATHEAD" FLOOGIE RETURNS TODAY IN LAW'S CUSTODY
 FUGITIVE NABBED IN STICKS BY BIG TOWN'S ACE DICK.



SMILE PRETTY FOR THE FLASH BULBS! **FLATHEAD**, WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', YOU'LL BE OUTA THE HEADLINES FOR A LONG TIME TO COME

BAH!



STOP HIM! HE'S ESCAPING!

SO LONG, SUCKER! HAW! HAW!

AN UNEXPECTED SHOVE AND **FLATHEAD** IS TEARING TOWARD FREEDOM.



NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO! FOR, AMONG THE SPECTATORS IS ACE COMEDIAN, **LARRY DAVIS**

I ANTICIPATED TROUBLE, SO HERE I GO.

IS THERE NO ONE TO HALT THE FLIGHT OF THIS SCOUNDREL?
 WILL HE ESCAPE SCOT-FREE?

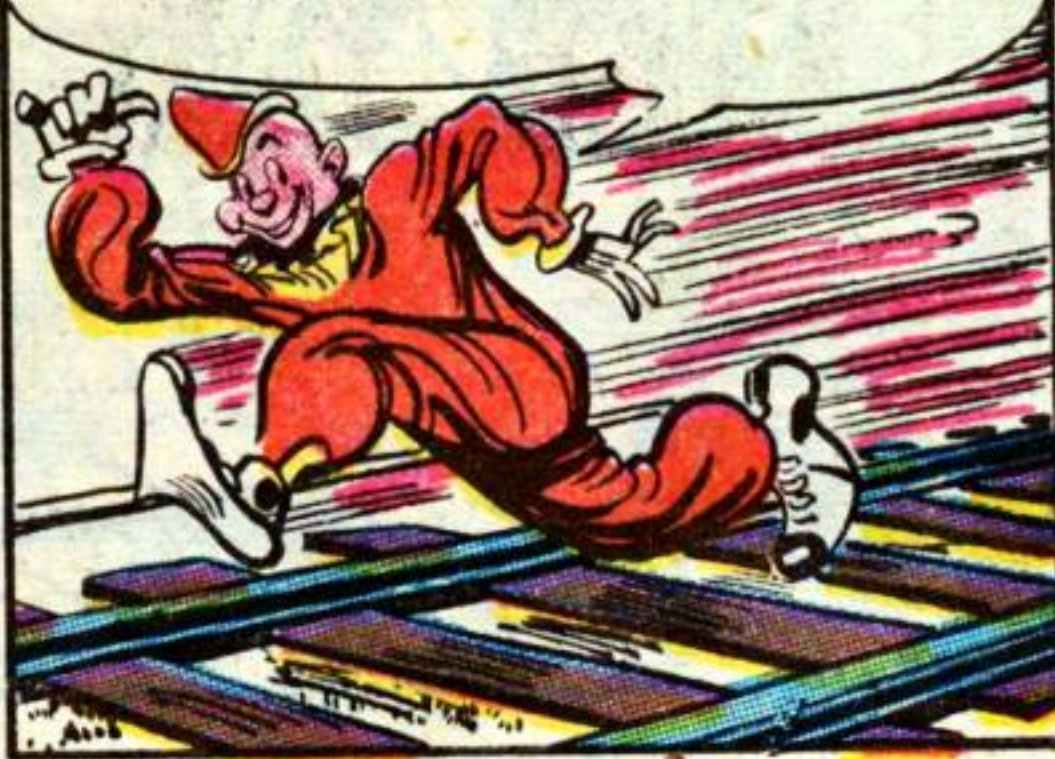


AWK! (GURGLE!) --- AND HERE'S STILL MORE COMPETITION FOR **FUNNYMAN**

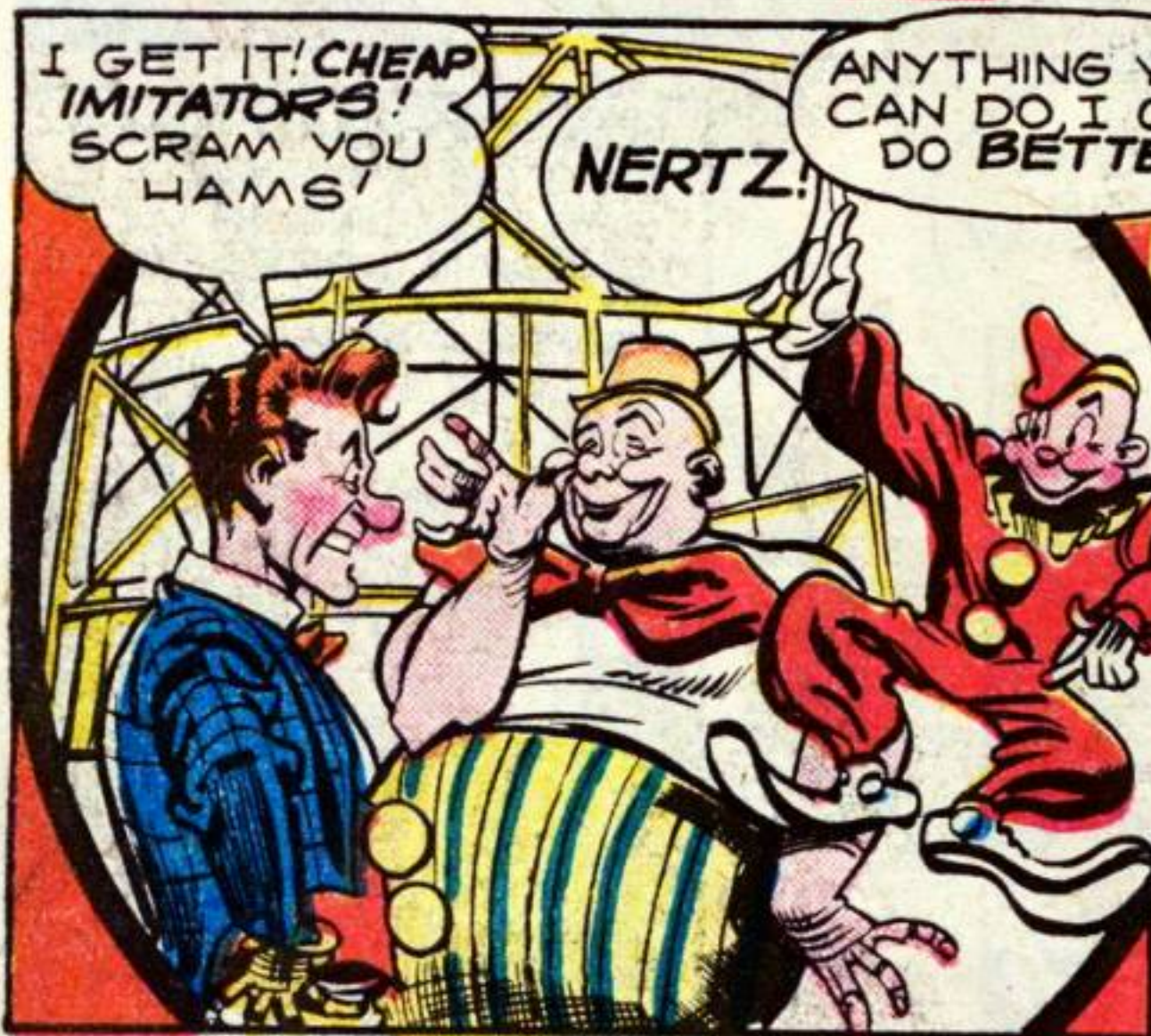
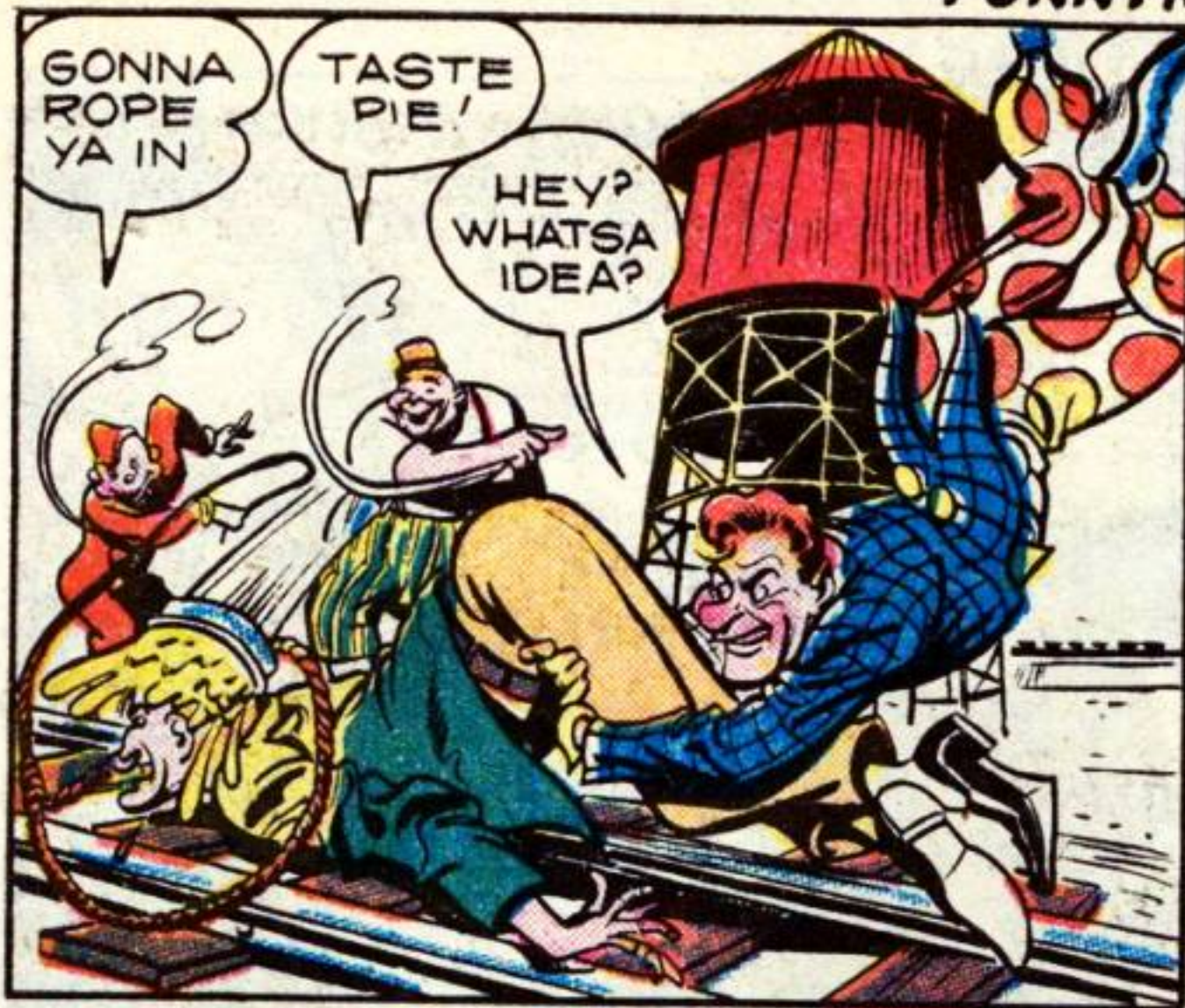
THIS **FUNNYMAN** CHARACTER GOT A SWEET RACKET! SO COUNT **COMICMAN** IN!

BUT... WHAT'S THIS? HIDDEN FROM PRYING EYES A ROTUND FIGURE DONS A COMICAL COSTUME !!!

FUNNYMAN'S GOT NO PRIORITY ON COMIC CROOK-FIGHTING! MAKE WAY FOR **LAFFMAN**!



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

A TOUGH GUY, EH?
UP WITH YER DUKES!
NEVER LET IT BE SAID
FUNNYMAN
WAS AFRAID OF AN
OPPONENT!

BATTLING BELLIGERENT MUGS
IS THE EVERYDAY AVOCATION OF
THE DIPPY HIPSTER KNOWN AS
FUNNYMAN. THE MORE COLOSSAL
THE OPPOSITION, THE NASTIER
THE FOE, THE BETTER HE LIKES
IT. AND SO YOU'LL PARDON US IF
WE SCRATCH THE PATE AND
SHRUG THE SHOULDERS WHEN
ASKED HOW COME THE COMIC
CRIME BUSTER MAKES WORK
WITH THE MONKEY SHINES VERSUS ---

The
"TRUANT TOY"

FUNNYMAN

MORNING: COMEDIAN LARRY DAVIS AND HIS ATTRACTIVE MANAGER, JUNE FARRELL, STROLL TOWARD THE **PARACLIMB THEATRE**.

LOOK, JUNE!
A TOY
KANGAROO!

COME
ALONG, LARRY.
REMEMBER,
YOU'RE A
BIG BOY
NOW!

YOU WIND IT--
PRESS THE
LEVER---AND
IT HOPS LIKE A
REAL KANGAROO.
ONLY \$1.00!

I'LL TAKE
ONE,
CHUM!

CUTE LITTLE
GADGET,
ISN'T IT,
JUNE?

ime CAFE

NEXT
IT'LL BE
PAPER
DOLLS.

LATER. LARRY'S DRESSING ROOM

HO! HO!
HA! HA!

THE GUY PULLS
DOWN THOUSANDS
A WEEK. YET---
SOMETIMES I
WONDER---

HEY,
KIDS,
DID YA
HEAR?

HEAR
WHAT?

THE JOINT IS
JAMMED WITH COPS.
A SNEAK-THIEF IS
PROWLING SOMEWHERE
BACKSTAGE AND THEY
EXPECT TO NAB HIM
ANY MINUTE!

"HAPPY" DEPARTS.

NO! NOT
FUNNYMAN!!

REET--!!
FUNNYMAN!

FUNNYMAN

MINUTES LATER—A COMICALLY GROTESQUE FIGURE RACES LICKETY SPLIT IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.



MEANWHILE—STEALING TOWARD LARRY'S DRESSING ROOM---THE OBJECT OF FUNNYMAN'S SEARCH!



AN ARMED THUG—HEADING FOR THIS ROOM! IT'S THE THIEF! I'VE GOT TO HIDE MY DIAMOND RING!

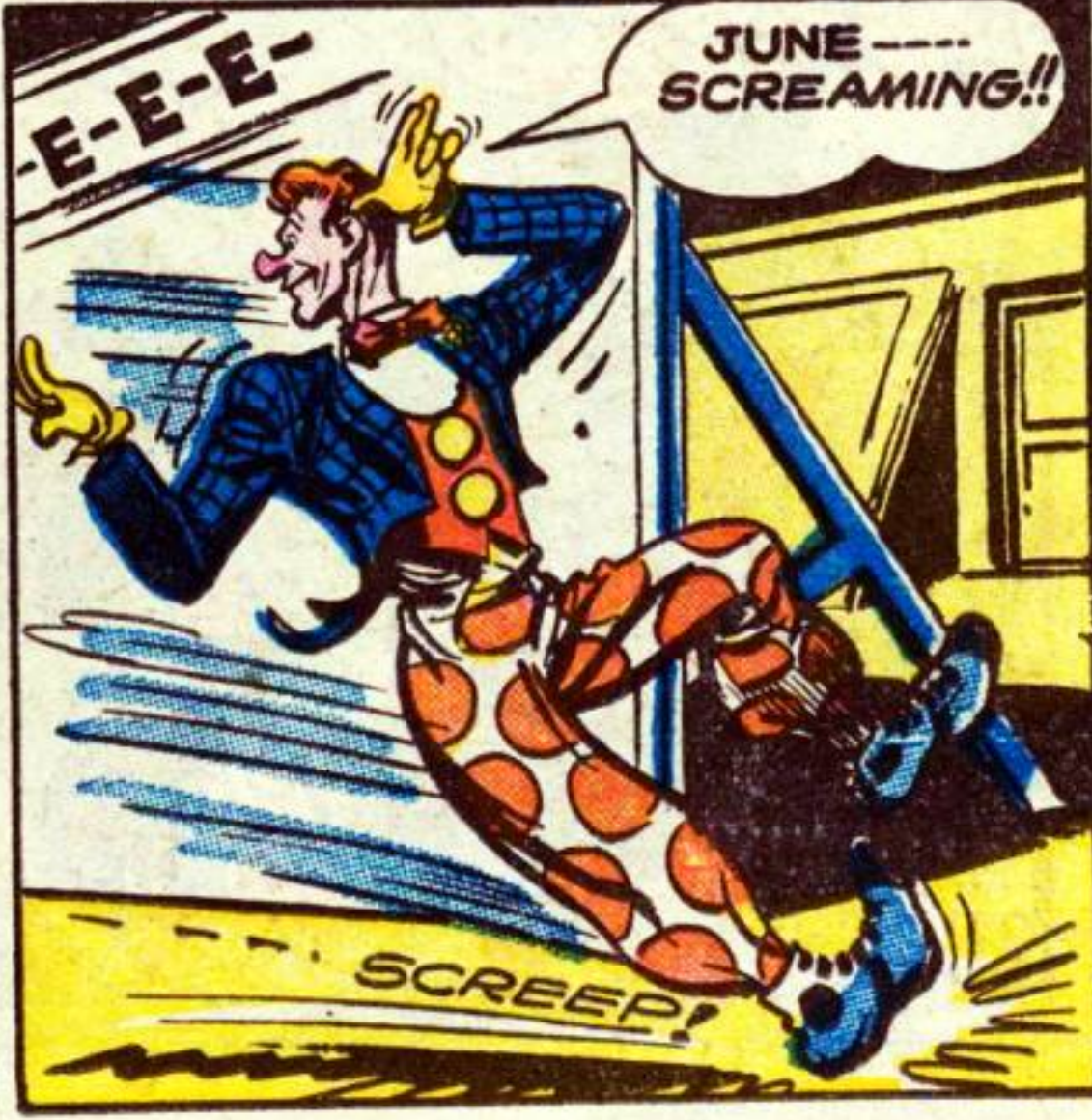


HE'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING INSIDE THIS CHEAP TOY!

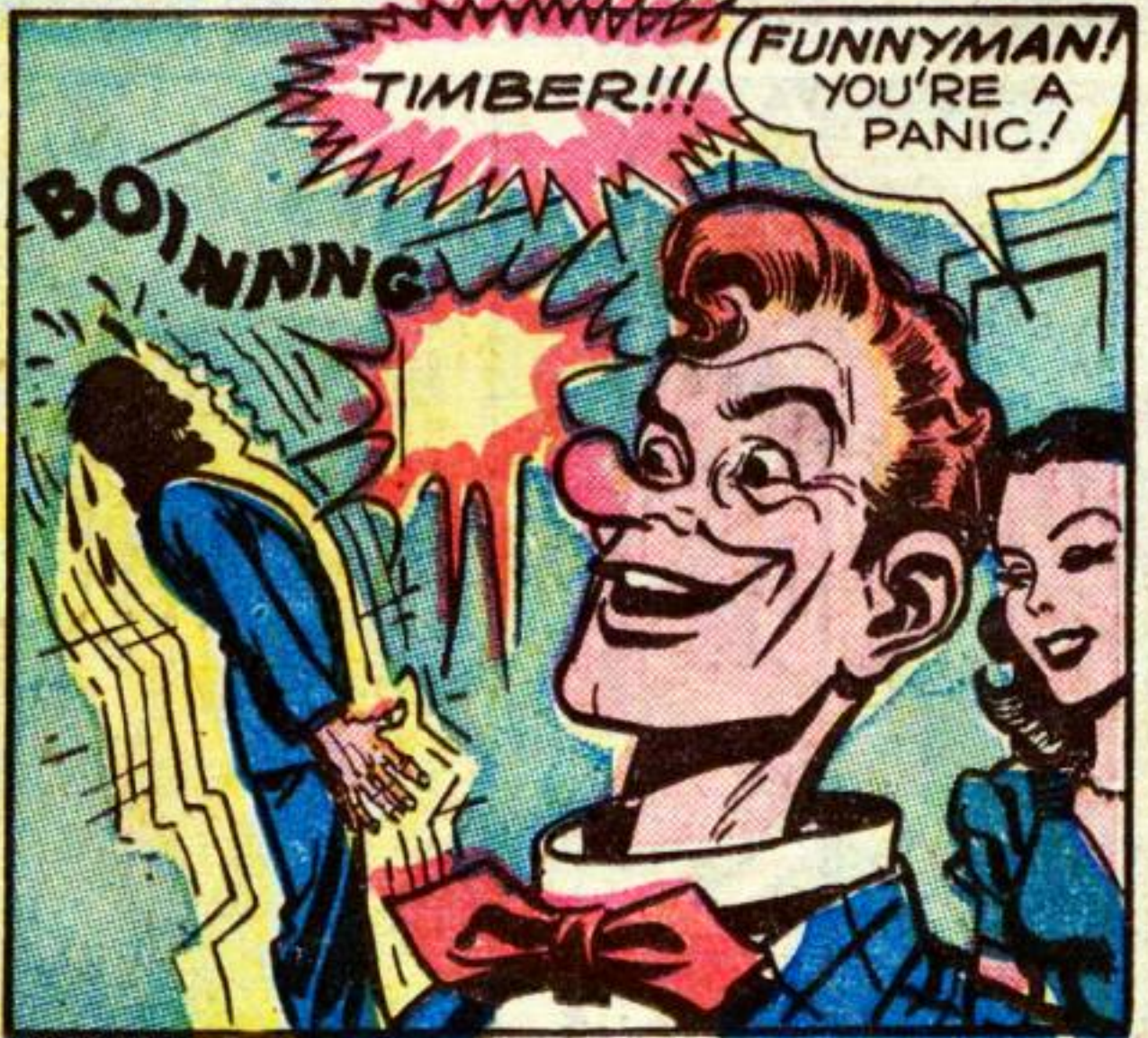
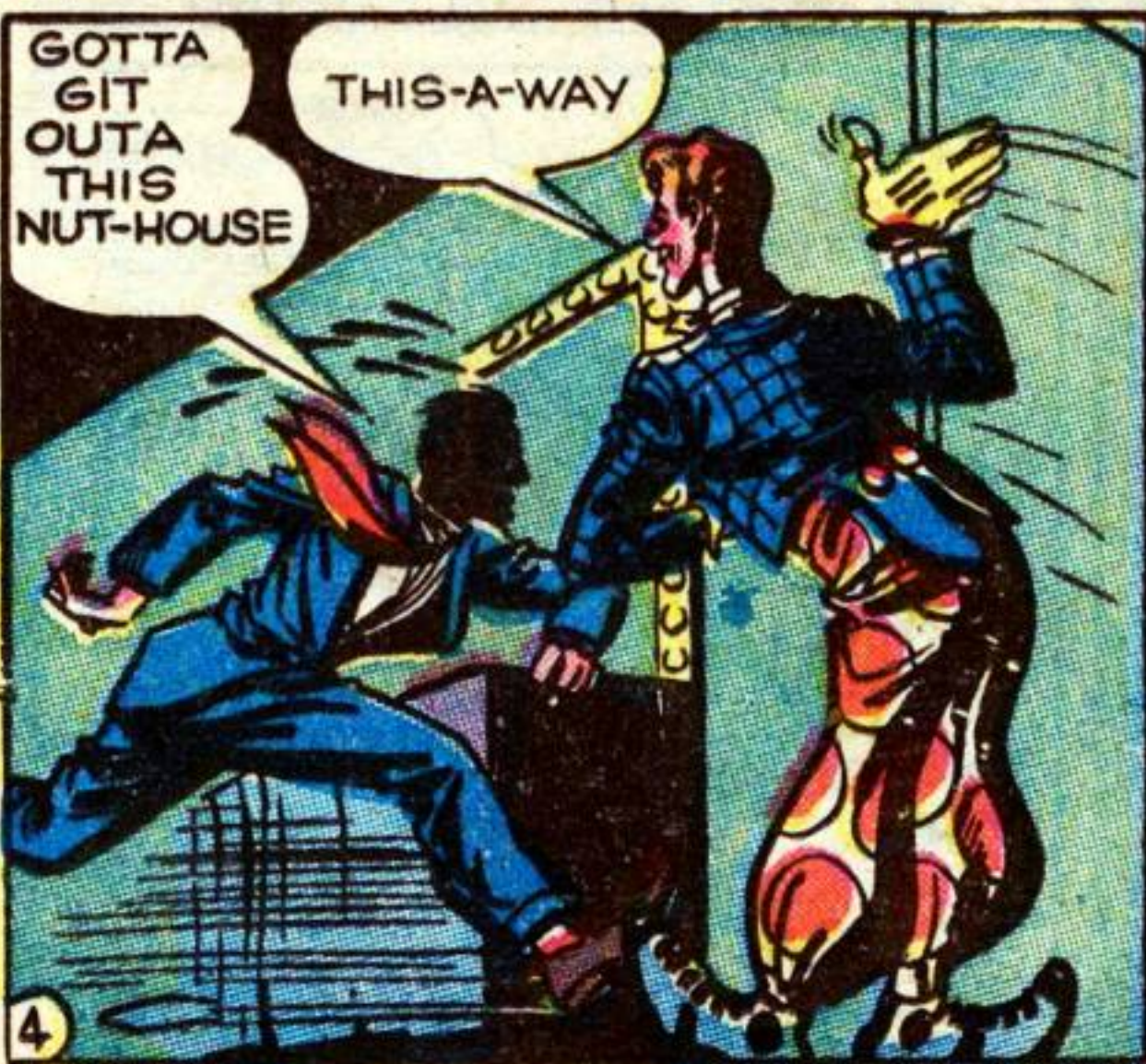


EEE-EEE-

A DAME! SHADDUP

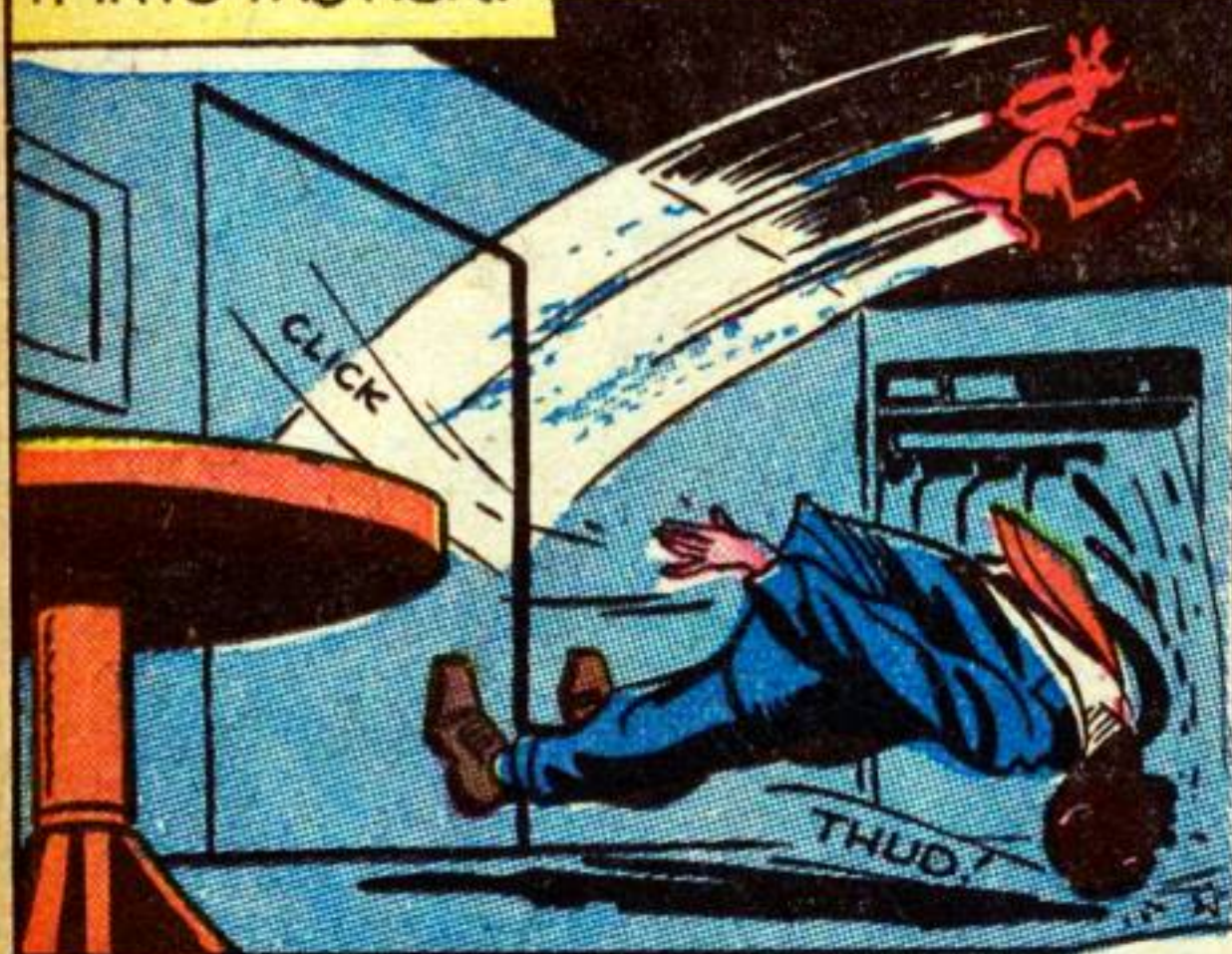


FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

AS THE SNEAK THIEF TOPPLES UNCONSCIOUS, ONE FLAILING HAND STRIKES THE TOY KANGAROO, SETTING IT INTO MOTION.



THAT TOY! MY DIAMOND RING IS HIDDEN IN IT!

NEVER FEAR, MY DEAR! WITH **FUNNYMAN** ON ITS TRAIL, THE TRUANT TOY IS AS GOOD AS CAUGHT!



SCREE-EECH!

DON'T BE ALARMED, OLE GIRL! CHEST OUT AN' ALL THAT SORT O' THING!

FRIGHTEN ME WITH A SILLY PRANK, WILL YOU? TAKE THAT!

OOF! I GOT IT— BUT I DON'T WANT IT!

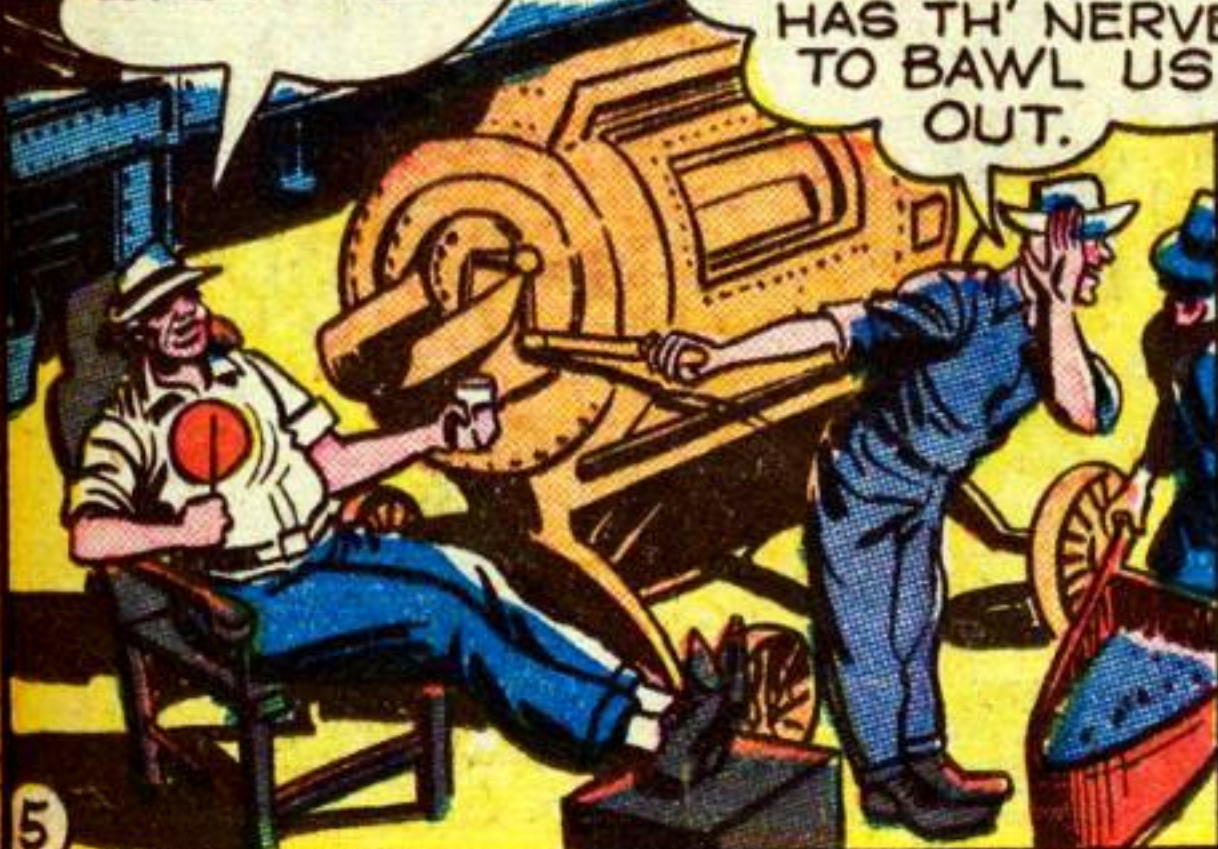
ITS MECHANISM DISTURBED BY THE SNEAK THIEF'S CHANCE BLOW, THE TRUANT TOY BLITHELY BOUNDS ALONG IN GIANT LEAPS.

NO!—(HIC)—NO!!

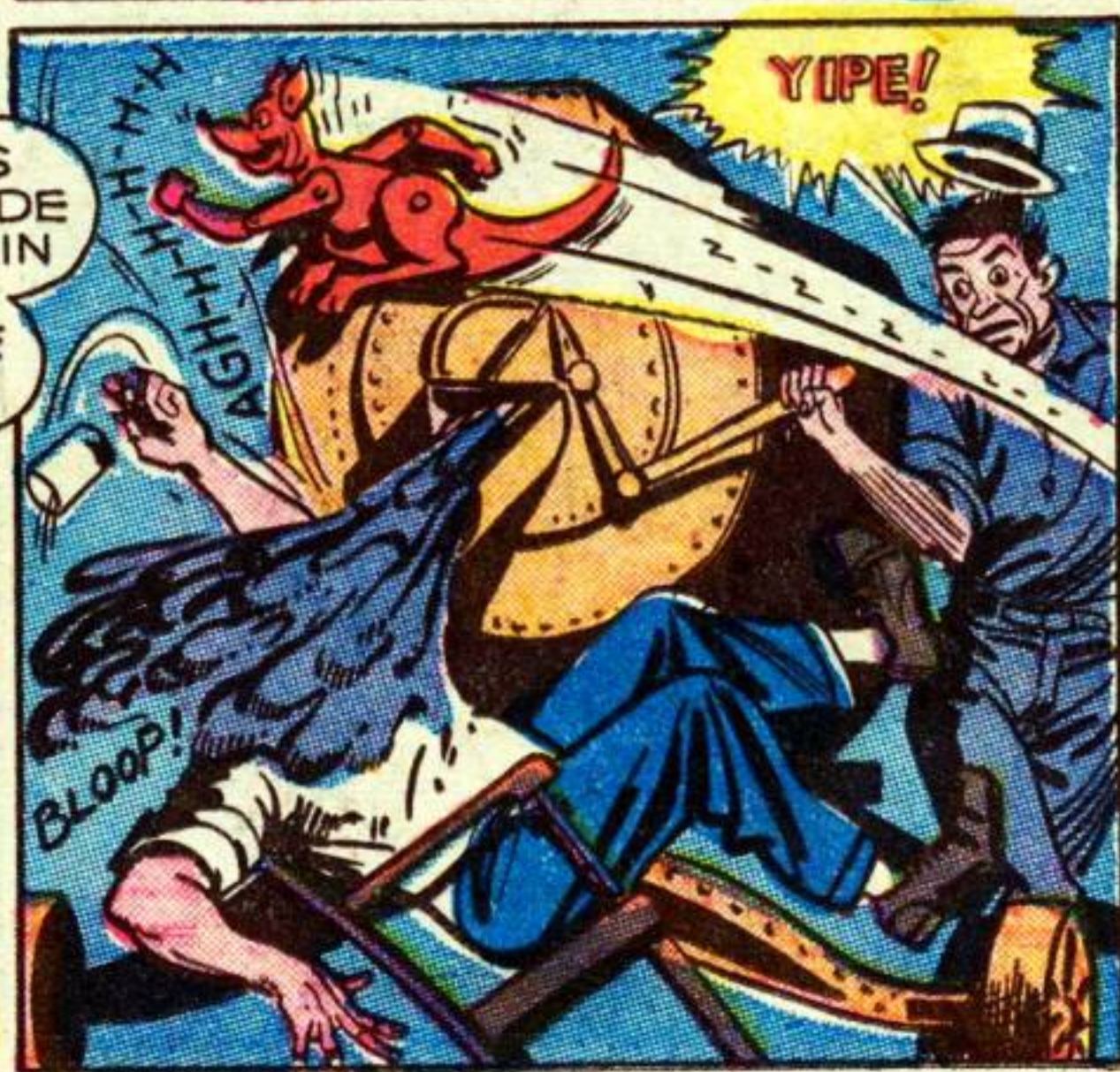


SNAP INTO IT, YA LUGS! BEIN' FOREMAN OVER A BUNCH OF SHIFTLESS INCOMPETENTS IS THE MOST TIRING JOB I'VE EVER HAD!

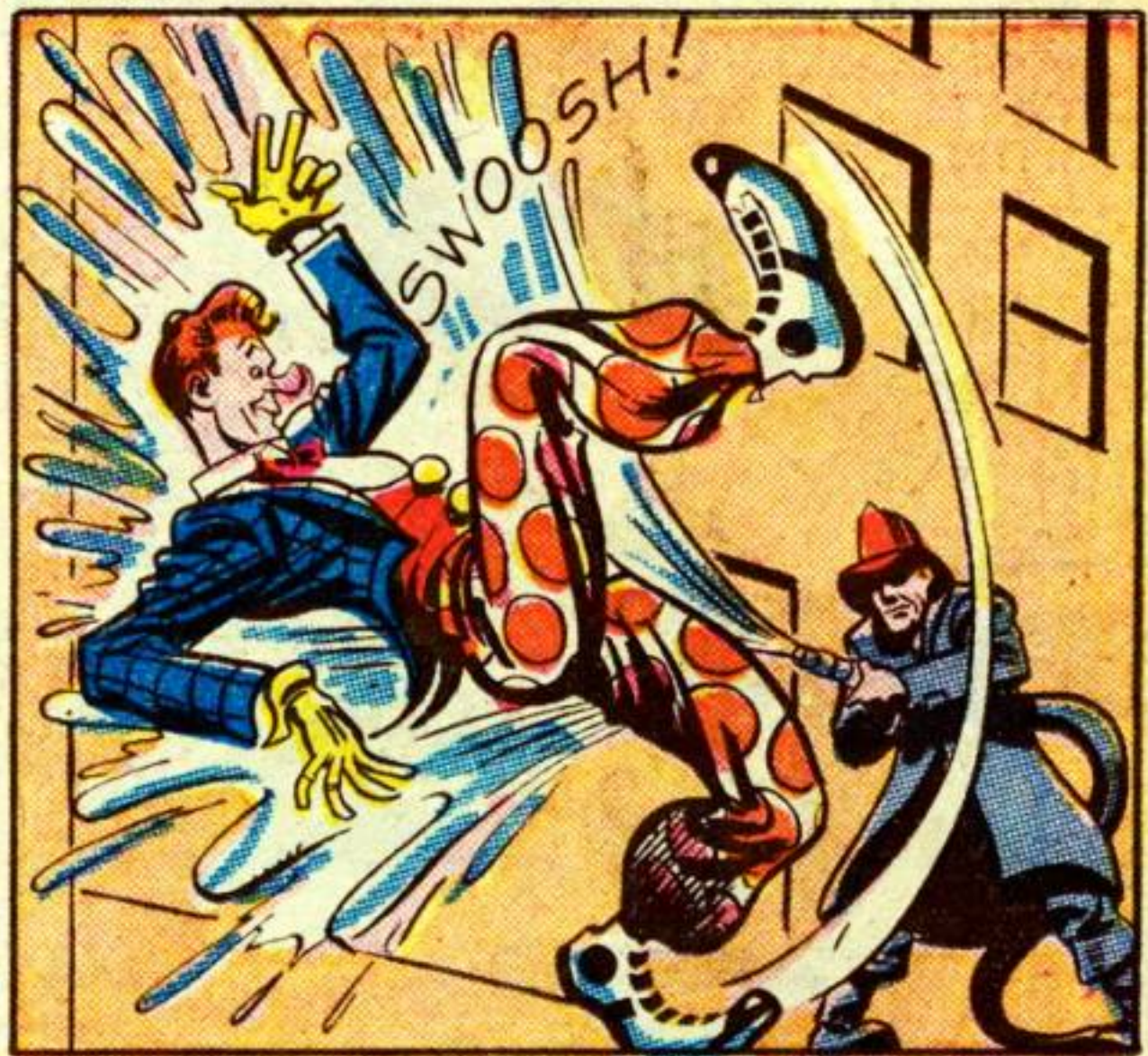
LISTEN TO TH' LAZY BUM! HE GIPS PINK LEMONADE WHILE WE STRAIN OUR BACKS, AN' HAS TH' NERVE TO BAWL US OUT.



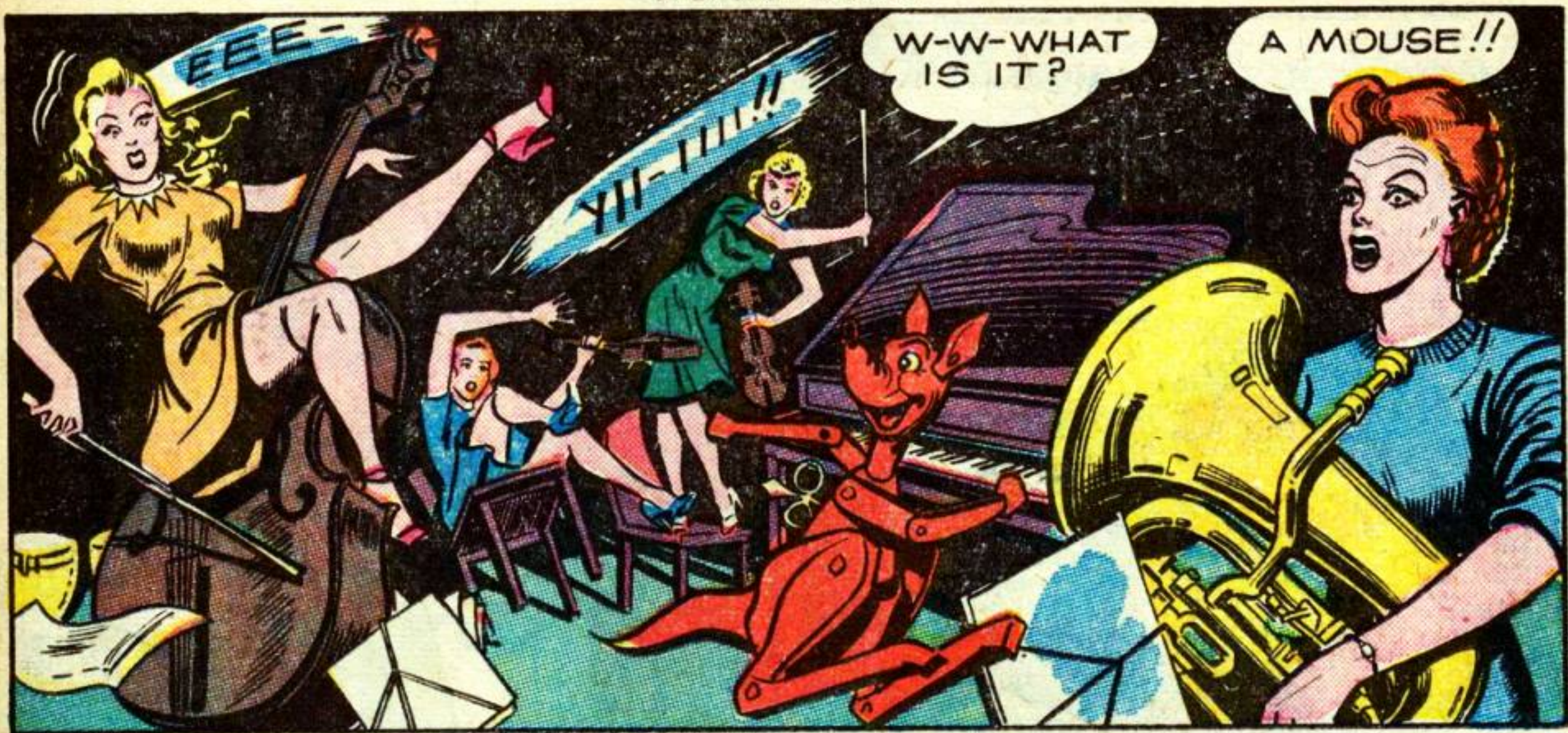
YIPE!



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

DARTING BEHIND BUSHES, **FUNNYMAN** REVERTS TO LARRY DAVIS.

WHEW!!
WHAT A MAD CHASE THIS LITTLE GADGET LED ME!! BUT I COULDN'T PERMIT MYSELF TO BE BESTED BY A MERE TOY!



LATER THE POLICE TOOK THE SNEAK-THIEF IN TOW— BUT THIS HAS COST ME MY DIAMOND RING.

ERASE THAT FROWN, HONEY CHILE! BEHOLD!! THIS RING IS YOUR'N!



BUT AT WHAT A PRICE! I WAS SOCKED, DUNKED AND CHEWED --- AND ALL BECAUSE I WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO BUY THAT SILLY LITTLE GADGET!

WELL, I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON. IN THE FUTURE, LEAVE TOYS TO THE KIDDIES.



SOON AFTER DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, JUNE.

I'M A HEP GUY! I MAY BE SOMEWHAT ON THE DAFFY SIDE, BUT BELIEVE ME, WHEN I SAY I'VE SWORN OFF NON-SENSICAL GADGETS, I MEAN IT!

ARF!
ARF!



HO! HO! LOOK AT 'EM!

—AND THEY BARK LIKE REAL DOGS!



HERE'S A FIVE SPOT! GIMMIE FIVE OF 'EM!

OH, NO! ---NOT AGAIN!!



THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN. SO-LONG, FOLKS, UNTIL NEXT MONTH WHEN ONCE AGAIN WE BRING YOU THE CHUCKLE-CRAMMED ACTION-LOADED ADVENTURES OF **FUNNYMAN!**

Patsy whirled. His hair stood up on his head. Flickering red flames licked up around a woman who was tied to a pile of faggots. Her body writhed. Though he could hear no sound, he knew she must be screaming.

"Le's get outta here!" Fats shrieked.

Side by side they fled down the narrow corridor. It was Patsy who skidded to a halt in front of a door, put a hand on the knob and flung it open. Instantly he closed it; gulped, "Sorry, fella!"

"Who was it?"

"Guy takin' a bath."

"Oh. Hey — we better tell'm about the fire, hah? PATSY! Wha-what is it?"

Patsy put a hand to his forehead and wiped it free of the nervous sweat that was beaded there. "Fats, there was a dame in there—with a big carvin' knife . . . and she was stickin' it into the guy!"

"Yah, don't tell me that!"

"Honest. Take a look for yourself."

Cautiously Fats opened the door: stood horrified at the sight of the warm water, the man with the dagger plunged into his back, the red and flowing blood, the woman standing above him, evil hate etched on her face.

The door banged. Fats took to his heels, racing down the hall. Patsy followed right after him. Panting, they reached a stairway. On the bench alongside the stairway a man sat reading a paper. Fats skidded to a stop, peered down at the paper. It was dated today!

Fats drew a deep breath and grinned. He said, "Hey, Mac—how can I reach the Content Street El station?"

The man did not answer. He was absorbed in the latest news items. Fats put a hand to his shoulder, shook him. The man seemed to grimace. Fats got mad and shook harder.

The man toppled over. His head fell off and rattled and bumped down the long flight of stairs. Fats closed his eyes and opened his mouth. He screamed. He shrieked as loud as he could. When he got tired of screaming, his knees wouldn't hold him up. He sat down hard and moaned.

Fats moaned, "I knocked his block off. I moidered him!"

Something twanged and a long slim bolt of wood buried itself in the doorjamb close to Patsy's nose. Patsy gulped three times. Slowly he turned to look: saw a huge Indian poised in the act of firing his bow.

"Yaaaagh!" Patsy screamed, and fled.

The Indian chased him. Patsy could hear the pounding of his feet, the labored breathing of his running. "Go away!" Patsy panted. "I'm half-bald! You won't get a good scalp from me! Lemme alone, will ya?"

A hand fell on his shoulder. Patsy whirled, sobbing, determined to go down fighting like the pioneers did, years ago.

Only it wasn't an Indian. It was Fats, panting and puffing and getting madder by the second. "Whatsa big idea, runnin' away from me? I hadda chase you half way across Hades.

If we die we go together . . . Die?—Hey, we are dead, ain't we? Sure we are, if we're in the Bad Place!"

Fats grinned. He looked around him, saw in the light that filtered into these dark depths the vague outline of a man. He was almost naked, his hairy torso wrapped in a spotted leopard hide. With his right hand he bore aloft a huge, metal-studded club. Fats grinned, "One of them cave-men I've heard of. Watch this!"

Fats swaggered over to the cave-man, reached out and tugged at his nose. The cave-man's right arm came down. The club swung with it. The metal-tipped clubhead bopped Fats over the top of his skull, felling him in his tracks.

Patsy goggled, "The guy killed him. But he's dead already. So he can't kill him. Or is he dead? I give up." He went and dragged Fats' unconscious body away from the cave-man who glared down at him.

When Fats opened his eyes, Patsy moaned, "Let's go find a quiet corner in the Bad Place and settle down. Let's not go explorin' no more. If we're dead, we're dead."

"But we oughtta be able to be dead in peace!" snarled Fats.

"Why?" boomed a voice. Fats and Patsy whirled. Their hair stood on end. They opened their mouths but their vocal chords were long icicles.

The Bad One himself stood there, red and with horns on his head and a forked tail moving slowly behind him. They could see great red flames, the faces of a man and woman in the fires —

They ran. They ran until a section of the very floor opened up beneath them and they began to fall. . . .

* * *

The detective smiled, "They fell into the laundry chute, of course, that takes the wax-works' costumes to the repairshop. I was making the rounds of the museum with the watchmen when they literally fell at our feet!

"When they saw me their eyes bulged. They began to cry, fell on their knees and begged to be arrested and sent to a nice quiet jail. After a while I got the whole story from them. When we told them next day it was a wax-works museum, they were plenty relieved. The only thing that bothered them, though —

"There was no exhibit of the Bad One standing in the flame!"

The boys gulped. "You mean . . . that the Bad One . . . really appeared?"

The detective smiled. "We thought so too, at first. There were lots of the boys at the stationhouse went home to say their prayers that night. And then Clancy the janitor in his red flannel undershirt told us the truth. He was stokin' the furnace—had put a couple of old musuem figures in the flames when Fats and Patsy blundered in. Shadows completed the illusion — plus their imaginations!"

THE END

A KILLER-DILLER!



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